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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1905.

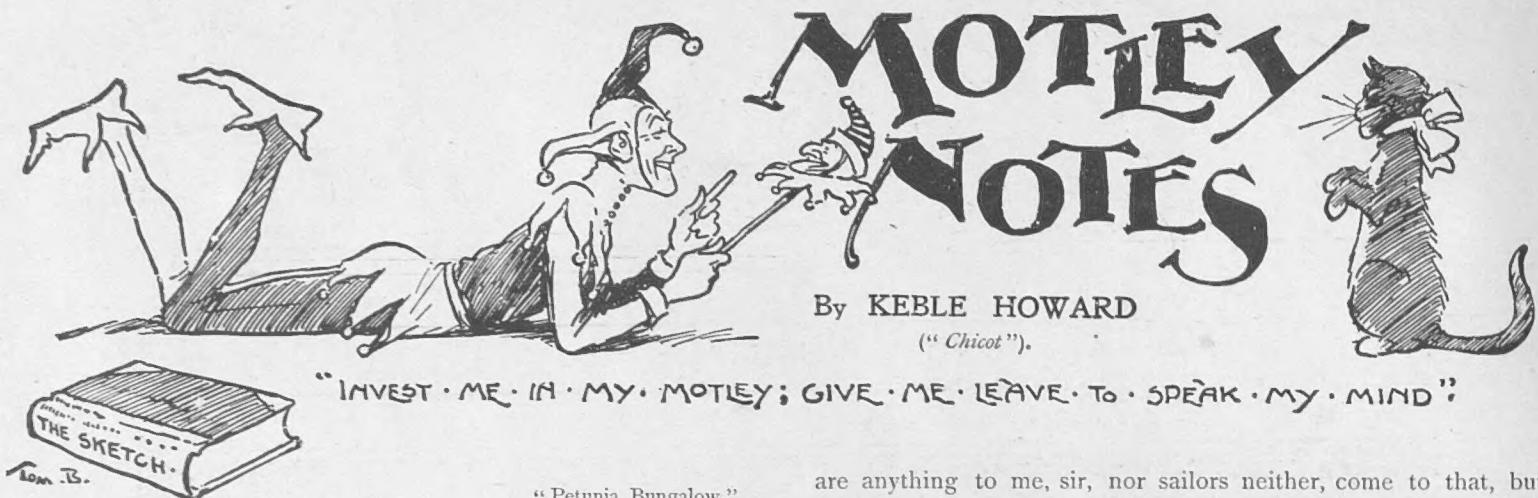
SIXPENCE.



LORD CURZON'S SUCCESSOR AS VICEROY OF INDIA: THE EARL OF MINTO, P.C., G.C.M.G.

The long-rumoured resignation of Lord Curzon was announced officially on Sunday evening last, and at the same time it was stated that the Earl of Minto, late Governor-General of Canada, had been appointed to succeed him as Governor-General of India. The reasons for Lord Curzon's step are detailed in a White Paper, the final cause of the trouble being the Government's refusal to accept the Viceroy's nomination of Major-General Sir E. Barrow as Military Supply Member of his Council under the scheme for the reorganisation of the Indian Army. The resignation was submitted on the 12th of this month—as it had been previously in June—and was accepted on the 16th.

The new Viceroy, who was born on July 9, 1845, returned home only last year after having served his term as Governor-General of Canada with much success.



MY host assures me, positively, that he had no foreknowledge of the matter, and I suppose I must believe him. At the same time, it is rather an odd thing that a man should lure you to his queer, inconvenient, out-of-the-way residence with promises of peace, perfect peace, and then sniggeringly inform you, one lovely morning, that five thousand soldiers are about to encamp on the other side of the garden-wall. Well, not so near as that, perhaps, but almost within sight and quite within earshot. Mind you, I have no prejudice against soldiers. I think they are perfectly splendid fellows—bronzed, modest, brave, well-mannered, absent-minded, and all the rest of it. But, try as they will, five thousand soldiers cannot disguise the fact of their existence from those in the immediate neighbourhood. They cannot help cutting up the roads, and blowing bugles, and disturbing the mental equilibrium of parlour-maids, and walking arm-in-arm, sixteen at a time, to the local beershop. I have no desire, you see, to seem hasty or unreasonable on the subject of this invasion. But I must protest that my host was guilty of carelessness, to say the least of it. After all, I came here to oblige him. He admits it. Now, thanks to the soldiers, his sense of obligation will become so deep that he will end by hating me for the remainder of his days.

In a way, of course, this disaster has brought us closer together. Before the arrival of the soldiers, you see, he and I were rather the thing in Long Itchingdon. As we strolled through the village street, pipes in mouths and the dog at our heels, we could feel quite certain that the baker's daughter was peeping at us over the top of the blind, and that the grocer's wife had left her wasp-crushing for a moment to admire the studied tilt of our straw hats. All that, bless you, has been changed in a twinkling. The baker's daughter is madly in love with three troopers and a lance-corporal, and, as for the grocer's wife, I distinctly heard the impudent creature asking a sergeant-major whether he didn't think I should look all the better for a little drilling. Just at present, in short, life is a burden. My host pretends not to care, but, whilst he was taking his bath in the shrubbery this morning, he was humming, quite unconsciously—

"I want to join the military-ary:
I've got no chance with Jane, or Flo, or Mary:
I want to join the military: yes
I want to be a military man."

When, at breakfast-time, I tackled him about it, he first of all swore that he had never heard of the song, and then had the audacity to say that he was merely humming it to chaff me. The simple life, you know, deadens the conscience.

Even our old housekeeper is not the woman she was before the arrival of these thousands of heroes in khaki. She is excited and unnatural. This morning, for instance, whilst she was preparing my early cup of tea, she made a splendid endeavour to whistle the reveille. A little later, I was obliged to point out to my host that there was no mustard in the mustard-pot, that the toast was toasted on one side only, that the tea was undrinkably strong, and that the honey had been turned out into a saucer usually reserved for the cat. My host, who is rather afraid of the old lady, suggested that we should make the best of things; but I felt compelled to insist that, although a mere guest, I could not force myself to swallow tea that had been standing nearly an hour. The old housekeeper, brought to bay, blushed rather prettily. "You see, sir," she explained, "where it is; I've had to keep running backwards and forwards to the garden-gate until I'm nearly ready to drop. Not that soldiers

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*).

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

are anything to me, sir, nor sailors neither, come to that, but one doesn't like to miss anything, if you understand what I mean, and that's the long and short of it, so to speak. I'll make some fresh tea as soon as the kettle boils. But it so 'appens that the fire's out and I forgot to order any methylated. Yes, sir!"

The situation of "Petunia Bungalow," I should explain, tends to increase the old lady's temptations. From the soldier's point of view—and I say this without meaning the slightest disrespect to our cherished housekeeper—we are rather like a thorn between two roses. On our left stands the village alehouse—"The Indifferent Goat"—and in the cottage on our right resides the village beauty. The result is a constant trudge of "boots, boots, boots, boots, moving up and down again" past our front-gate. In the evening, we can walk to one corner of the garden and listen to the chorus of militant male voices in the bar-parlour, or we can stand in the other corner and collect notes for a "real conversation" between the village beauty, her mother, and a couple of typical young heroes. I wish Mr. Kipling were here. I fancy that the absence of sparkle, of quaint expletives, of racy reminiscence would surprise him. At any rate, after forming my ideas of Master Atkins on Mr. Kipling's stories, it was rather a shock to me to travel for an hour or so on this level—

TROOPER SMITH. An' so I told 'im, straight, if 'e didn't like it 'e could do the other thing. You 'eard me, Tom, didn't yer?

TROOPER BROWN. Ah, that's right, mate.

TROOPER SMITH. That's the worst o' some o' these London chaps, yer know. They think they know pretty near everything. Come ter size 'em up, they're no better than anybody else.

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY. I dessay.

HER MOTHER. What part o' London's 'e from, then?

TROOPER BROWN. Shoreditch.

TROOPER SMITH. Ah, something o' that. I told 'im, straight, I wasn't goin' ter stand none o' 'is bloomín' talk.

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY. Not likely.

TROOPER SMITH. I tell yer, 'e seemed fair s'prised. Didn't 'e, mate?

TROOPER BROWN. That's right, mate.

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY. Well!

HER MOTHER. I never!

TROOPER SMITH. There's more chaps in the Army than wot comes from Shoreditch, yer know. Now, I'm a country chap meself—Walsall. There's nothing ter be ashamed of in that, is there?

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY. The idea!

TROOPER SMITH. Well, then! Wot's 'e want ter talk ter me for?

But, though Trooper Smith may be no nearer Mr. Kipling's soldier who sang "There's a Burmah girl a-waiting in a cleaner, greener land" than the real 'Arry is to Mr. Chevalier's coster who murmured "Wike up in ve mornin', ven ve dye is dawnin'", I can answer for it that he makes a picturesque figure enough as he lies on his back in the moonlight, wrapped in his rough ulster, and waiting for the order that shall bring him, alert, if sulky, to his feet. My host and I spent several hours on our bicycles the other night, speeding silently from village to village, detecting dark forms that lurked in ditches, listening to the ring of shovels on the hills, answering sudden challenges, and, in one way and another, realising the romance and tedium of actual warfare. General French, we were informed, was trying to break through the outposts down in the valley there. The young subalterns and the recruits seemed delighted with the moonlit picnic, but the older men, who had done the real thing in South Africa, seemed to envy us our civilian freedom.

BUMBLE MINOR: WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF GREAT BRITAIN FOLLOWS AMERICA'S LEAD.



The authorities of New York have just re-named Hamilton Fish Park "The Play-ground City," and have granted the children who frequent it a regular Charter. The election of a Mayor and a Council of children has already been carried out, and these youthful officials will have absolute control of the park, subject only to the Mayor of New York. Girls are permitted in the city, but were not allowed to vote in this year's election. The first Mayor is fifteen.

THE CLUBMAN.

Echoes of the Portsmouth Meeting—French Cheers and Others—The Full-Dress of the Indian Army.

I HAVE been taking my ease in the North of France, amidst surroundings of forest and green lawns, with a Casino and tennis-grounds and a plage close at hand should I yearn for the society of my fellow men and women, and shady solitudes should I happen to be in contemplative mood; and I have heard in France what the Frenchmen thought of the reception the British gave them at Portsmouth, and which were the incidents that struck them most.

The Lord Chancellor's French seems to have made a great impression on the officers. One of them whom I met did not seem to have been in the least overawed by the historical grandeur of Westminster Hall, but he regarded it as exceptional and delightful that the high official who sits on the woolsack should talk Parisian French fluently. I told him that we frequently have Lord Mayors who talk excellent French; but, though he smiled and said that in England everybody spoke good French, I don't think he believed me. A Lord Mayor, according to French ideas, ought not to speak any language but his own.

The French sailors have brought back memories of profuse liquid hospitality and of the extraordinary size of London. I asked questions as to the Friday banquet at the Guildhall, and what the men thought when they found that there were neither fish nor eggs on the bill-of-fare. My sailor looked at me and grinned. "Word was passed round," he said, "that the Pope has granted a dispensation." Of course, as he subsequently reminded me, this was not needed, for fish duly appeared.

The British cheer has much impressed the French sailors, who probably heard it in full volume for the first time, and to cry "Heep, Heep, Hourah!" is one of the accomplishments every French sailor acquired in England. Perhaps

the *entente* may result in the Gallic nation learning to cheer like Britons. A shout of some kind is sadly needed by the French. When they wish to acclaim some popular statesman or some very distinguished visitor they only cry, "Vive Rottvier!" or "Vive E d'ouard VII!" and this sounds much more like an observation than a greeting. When one stands in a French crowd waiting for some Royal guest of the nation to pass, one misses that distant roar which in England tells that the man to be honoured is coming. None of the Latin nations makes a satisfactory noise when it greets its great men. The "Vivas" of an Italian crowd sound feeble, and in a Spanish crowd scarcely a voice is raised in greeting. Both these nations produce plenty

of sound when they are angry with any of their great men, but very little when they are pleased. The German "Hoch!" has a good open vowel in it and sounds impressive when shouted by a mass of people, and most of the Northern nations have some cry which exercises their lungs satisfactorily.

The Japanese "Banzai!"—which is the one word of our allies' language which the man in the street knows—is not at all a bad cheer, and, so far as I know, it is the one triumphant shout which the Far East has produced. The wildest fancy cannot picture a Chinaman cheering, and, so far as I can remember, I have never heard any cheer in India except an imitation of the British one. On the King's birthday all the native regiments cheer on parade for their Emperor, though, of course, they do not take off their turbans in honour of the occasion, as the British soldier takes off his helmet. The Bengali Babu, when he happens not to have a grievance, cheers the Viceroy most vigorously when he enters Calcutta.

A very well-intentioned suggestion, put forward with a view to lessening the expenses of British officers serving with the Indian Army, has been decidedly negatived by the officers whom it was intended to benefit. Lord Kitchener asked whether these officers would wish to be relieved of the expense of having full-dress uniforms, which are worn only on ceremonial occasions, and they answered like one man that they wished to keep their fine feathers. It was a most natural reply, for the officers of native regiments would never wish to be dowdy at a ball or Levée when their brothers of the British service were shining with gold lace.

The abolition of full-dress for the officers of the Indian Army would, if the idea were adopted, deprive all ceremonies at the Viceregal Court of much of their brilliancy. The uniforms to be seen at St. James's are not to be compared in variety or brilliancy with those which appear at Calcutta or Simla. The brown-faced young officers who in khaki, or the plainest of red, blue, or green, lead their squadrons or direct their double companies during the workaday year of garrison and camp work, appear on occasions of high ceremony as sky-blue Hussars, or puce Lancers, or with tunics of bright yellow or trimmed with fur. The Indian Army in its working-dress is studiously plain, but its officers have not had the gold lace ripped off their full-dress overalls, as have our cavalry at home.

The officers of the Indian infantry, without their full-dress, would be very dull-coloured birds amidst the brilliant human aviary of the Viceregal Lodge on the occasion of a birthday ball; but the cavalry would not suffer so much in comparison,

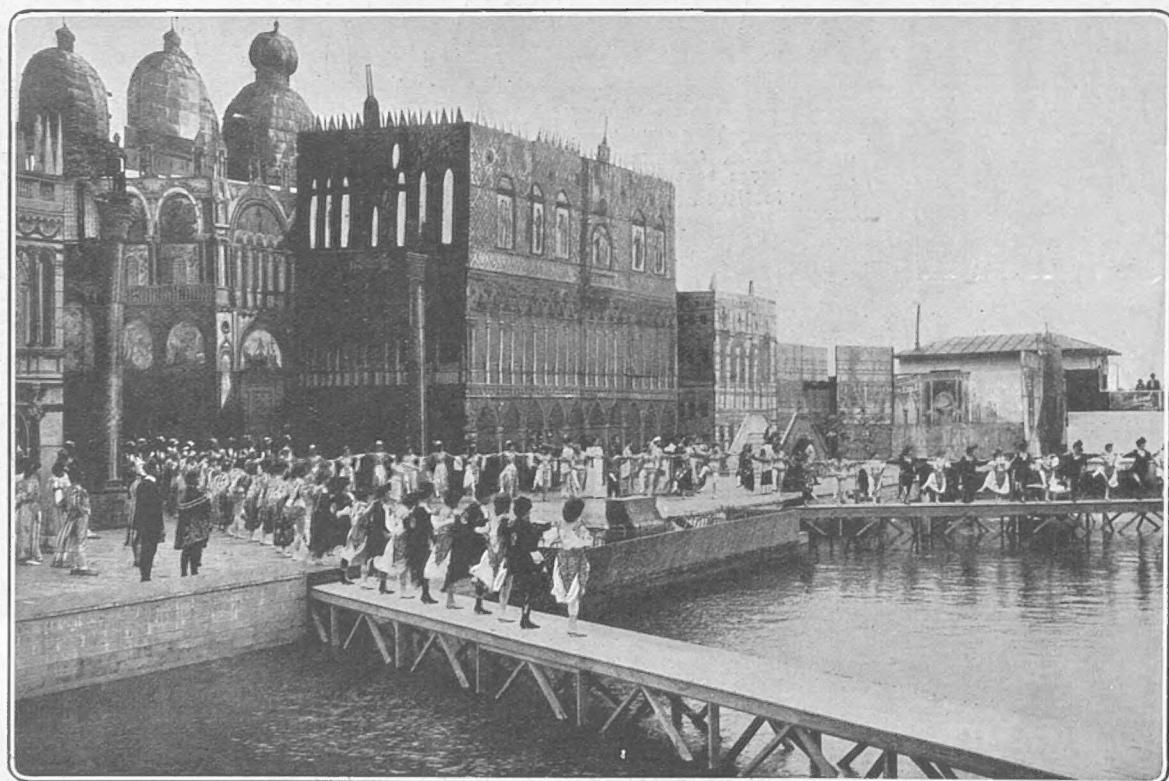


PRAYERS FOR A PEACE
PLENIPOTENTIARY: THE REV.

A. KOTWITZKEY,

Priest of the Russian Church, New York, who conducted special services of intercession for M. Witte before the arrival of the Peace Envoys in America.

Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.



VENICE IN AMERICA: A SCENE AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENARY EXHIBITION
AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

The Lewis and Clark Exhibition is being held to commemorate the discovery—on behalf of the United States—of a tract of land 5,000 square miles in area by Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. The cost of the Exhibition has been estimated at a million and a-quarter pounds.

Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.

for they have a very handsome but quite plain uniform which they use for most of their parades of ceremony. It is the long native tunic, which, with the native head-dress, gauntlets, white breeches, and long boots, is a splendidly soldier-like attire, and makes most of the European uniforms look gaudy and theatrical when seen beside it.

A GRISETTE IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN."



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Miss Fanny Dango is the youngest of six sisters, including Miss Letty Lind, Miss Lydia Flopp, Mrs. Ffolliott Rhys Wingfield, Miss Millie Hylton, and Mrs. George Grossmith jun. In "The Spring Chicken" she understudies Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Olive Morrell.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

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THE "CURE" AND THE CURED.

AT this time of year Society recruits and gets ready for its winter campaign. The Sovereign's example is followed by many tired folk, and the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is actually at Marienbad. Homburg has its group of faithful, who go there rather to enjoy themselves than to undergo the "cure." More seriously inclined are the Vichyites, and a sojourn at Aix-les-Bains nearly always means business, for the lovely Savoy town is the Mecca of the rheumatic. Each year sees some new *Villes d'Eaux* puffed into fame by the Paris doctors, but their British *confrères* prefer to send their patients to those waters which, being tried, have not been found wanting.

Each "Bad" has its own manners and customs, and much of the comfort of the feminine drinker and bather will depend on her power of adapting herself to them. Homburg, and now Marienbad, are "smart," and require a regular tressussof pretty, costly gowns and hats, as well as white tailor-made frocks for early morning wear. Motoring garments are a *sine quâ non* if the "curer" wishes to mix in the society of either place, and warm wraps should not be forgotten. Splendid jewels may, however, be left at home. At Aix and Vichy, both typically French in atmosphere, the fair visitors dress far more simply, and the white serge coat and skirt is tantamount to a uniform. Nothing, one may venture to hint, looks so pretty and suitable, and gorgeous gown are left rather disdainfully to *les dames*. In the evening Casino costumes are worn, for in a public place the Frenchwoman's instinct tells her that low dresses are out of place.

At the present moment the Rest Cure is enjoying an amazing vogue. Maids and matrons disappear from their homes and from among human kind for periods varying from three to eight weeks, and for the time being are utterly blotted out. The Rest Cure is exactly what its name implies. The treatment consists in rest, absolute rest—no telegrams, no letters, no newspapers, no books even, no physical exertion, and, above all, no visits from anxious friends or relatives—and it is said to do wonders for those whose nerves are overwrought by a long course of mild feminine dissipation. During August the Rest Cure homes are filled to overflowing.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

AUGUST 26.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.

LORD CURZON'S RESIGNATION: SCENES IN HIS CAREER.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

CAN THE CHEMIST PRODUCE LIFE?

DR. LITTLEFIELD'S WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS.

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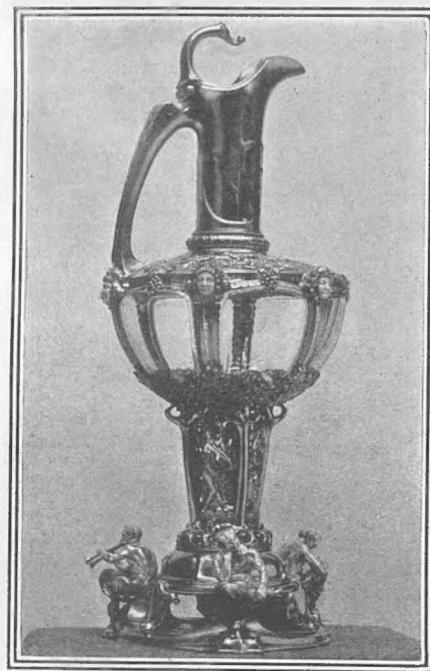
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FROM THE HAMBURG SENATE TO KING EDWARD:
A BEAUTIFUL WINE-CARAFE RECENTLY PRESENTED
TO HIS MAJESTY.

many happy days during the brilliant period of her life. Princess Charles of Denmark, as a girl, paid more than one incognito visit to well-known French watering-places, hiding her personality under the modest name of "Miss Mills." Princess Beatrice sometimes calls herself "Lady Osborne." Perhaps the most famous of all Royal pseudonyms was that of the handsome Romanoff who, as Emperor of Russia, visited the Court of Marie Antoinette as "le Comte du Nord"!

The King and the Carafe. The King has always shown himself a connoisseur as regards things beautiful and rare: he is constantly adding to the Royal collections, and one of his recent acquisitions, a beautiful wine-carafe, has been much noticed at the Buckingham Palace dinner-parties this year. This work of art is an exact copy of an exquisite flagon owned by the Hamburg Senate. When paying a visit to the famous German town, His Majesty greatly admired a similar carafe which was on the table at the banquet given in his honour, and the Senate begged him to accept a replica of it. The carafe—for the French word for "bottle" seems to be here used—shows in its design something of antique and modern grace combined. The bowl and neck spring

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is known to all and sundry during his stay at Marienbad by his favourite travelling pseudonym, "the Duke of Lancaster." The title is hundreds of years old, and was first borne by Henry V. Each member of our Royal Family has some favourite travel-name; that of the late Queen was "Countess of Balmoral." The Empress Eugénie was sometimes known as "Countess of Pierrefonds," after the castle where Her Imperial Majesty spent

height of this beautiful addition to the Royal sideboard is close on two feet, and it weighs nearly seven pounds. Perhaps it should be added that Hamburg has always been famed for its beautiful glass and for its goldsmiths' work.

Mrs. Colin Keppel. The appointment of Captain Colin Keppel as Commander of His Majesty's Yacht reminds one of the fact that this favoured naval officer and his pretty, clever wife have long been *persona grata* at Court. Captain Colin Keppel's father, the late Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, was the Grand Old Man of the British Navy, and both the King and Queen were devoted to him and were much in his company. Mrs. Keppel was Miss Henrietta Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell, and, as a girl, she was a favourite Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, while her husband was Equerry to the Duke. Captain and Mrs. Colin Keppel have two little daughters who both rejoice in Royal godmothers; the eldest is named Marie, after the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, while the youngest is named Melita, after one of the Duchess's daughters.

Peeresses Elect.

Quite a number of interesting marriages of Peers and Peers' eldest sons are to take place very soon. First on the list is that of Lord Sudeley's eldest son, Mr. Charles Hanbury-Tracy, whose wedding to Miss Celandine Cecil, a niece of the late Lord Exeter, is to be celebrated almost at once. The betrothal of Lord Tenterden to Miss Elfrida Turner, the very young daughter of the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces at Headquarters, will shortly provide the world with a new Peeress. The marriage of Lord Townshend was one of those surprises which Peers sometimes like to spring upon the public, but the new Marchioness is very charming and will be an agreeable addition to her Order. A marriage of considerable moment to that portion of Society which likes to be entertained is that of Lord Brackley, Lord Ellesmere's eldest son and heir, to Miss Violet Lambton, Lady Dunglass's elder sister, for Bridgewater House is one of the most splendid of minor palaces.

A Youthful Motorist.

Master Maynard Greville is undoubtedly one of the youngest motorists living. Lord and Lady Warwick were among the first members of the nobility to purchase a motor-car, and they had a delightful miniature horseless-carriage built for their little boy. Master Maynard is a fearless and plucky rider; he can also drive an ordinary carriage. Accordingly his sureness of eye stands him in good stead when tooling himself along in his tiny car.

Rescue the Con- scientious Crayfish!

No considerations of *ententes cordiales* shall deter us from revealing the terrible fact that the French are engaged in wholesale vaccinations of crayfish, and we want to know what the Anti-Vaccination League is doing. It seems that the medical faculty of Paris, with the usual meddlesomeness of doctors, discovered that the delicious *écrevisse* is subject to an ailment which has the effect of stuffing him full of microbes—so much so, indeed, that the familiar *bisque* became practically *bisque à la bacille*. Then, to the horror of all good anti-vaccinationists, the fiat went forth that the crayfishes were to be vaccinated at the tip of the left claw, and that, too, at the tender age of nine months! This humble friend of man is not allowed to be a conscientious objector, doubtless on the legal technicality of infancy. Surely this is too cruel! And, crowning indignity of all, the vaccinated crayfish is marked in a particular way on his tail. This should make the League anxious to mark the French doctors in a particular way too!



LADY WARWICK'S YOUNGEST SON AS A MOTORIST: THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE ON HIS MINIATURE CAR.

Photograph by Whitlock.

from gold vine-leaves; the body of crystal glass is edged with a border of nymphs' heads chased in ivory. The same idea is repeated in the stems of the vase, which show dancing nymphs; and the carafe rests on a base of solid silver, surrounded by three fauns. The



THE WIFE OF THE NEW COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT: MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.

Photograph by Bullingham.

A Shaksprian Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia is said to be the most cultured Romanoff now living. He has translated a great number of Shakspere's plays into Russian, and has also acted the far from easy part of Hamlet! The Grand Duke and his wife, who was a Princess of Saxe-Altenburg, have seven children, and they are all being brought up to be keen and clever Shaksparians.



A RUSSIAN GRAND DUKE WHO HAS PLAYED HAMLET: THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH.

The Grand Duke Constantine is said to be the most cultured of the Romanoffs, and he has translated many of Shakspere's plays into Russian, as well as acted Hamlet.

Photograph by Raffi.

This was scornfully refused, and, to revenge himself on Mr. Coke, Pitt gave the title to Coke's neighbour, George Townshend of Raynham. But, before accepting it, Mr. Townshend dutifully wrote to his father, then Viscount Townshend, for permission, and received the following extremely dry answer, the full meaning of which is not obvious at first sight: "Dear Son, I have no objection to your taking any title but that of yr. affect. Father Townshend." The present Peer, who takes an interest in politics, has joined the small band of Liberal stalwarts in the Gilded Chamber, and his bride, who is a daughter of a distinguished barrister, Mr. Sutherland, will be a charming addition to the group of Liberal hostesses. She has the pretty name of Gladys. Lord Townshend is a nephew of the Duke of Fife and also of Lady Audrey Buller. His father, the late Marquis, was rather wildly philanthropic—indeed, he used every day to fill his pockets with money for beggars. The present Peer is, therefore, not well off; he has had to sell his pictures, and Raynham is let to Mr. Lawson Johnston, and Ball's Park to Sir George Faudel-Phillips.

"I Mixed those Babies Up!" Everyone remembers the delightful confession of Little Buttercup in "H.M.S. Pinafore"—

"I mixed those babies up!" and the reproachful chorus—"However could you do it?" Now we hear of another mixing of babies, but, naturally, as it happened in America, it is on a far bigger scale. It was at a huge store where there is a crèche for the convenience of mothers doing shopping. Each parent leaves her little darling in charge of a competent attendant, who gives a ticket for it, just as if it were an umbrella! Alas, there fell a day when the attendant might really have lifted up her voice in imitation of Little Buttercup and wailed, "I mixed those babies up!" That was actually what the miserable woman had done, and, when the

His Imperial Highness followed with the very deepest interest the Shakspere-Bacon controversy, and he owns a library entirely composed of editions of Shakspere and references to the British Bard of Avon. Needless to say, he speaks English as well as he does his native tongue, and it is possible that he may shortly pay a visit to England in order to enjoy a tour in Shakspere's country.

Lord Townshend.

The recent marriage of Lord Townshend recalls the perfectly true story of an ancestor of his and the Earldom of Leicester. The younger Pitt, wishing to seduce the famous Coke of Norfolk from his allegiance to Fox, offered him the Earldom of Leicester.

returning matrons were given each the wrong baby, they were by no means content to reply, "However could you do it?" More fur flew than that. The cynical male, had he been present, would certainly have declared that, as young infants are notoriously all exactly alike, it couldn't possibly matter how this particular lot was distributed. The mothers, however, thought it mattered so much that they rushed the barriers and sorted out the "duckey ickle sings" themselves. What happened to the peccant attendant is not recorded, but it is believed that, when last heard of, she was looking for work.

A Bonaparte as Ruler of America's Navee.

Mr. Charles Joseph Bonaparte, the new Secretary of the American Navy, is, as his name implies, descended from Napoleon's brother. It will be remembered that Jerome Bonaparte, the King of Westphalia, married, in 1803, a beautiful Baltimore belle, Elizabeth Patterson. Her husband, in time, cruelly deserted her, and, by means of a bogus divorce, married a German Princess. Madame Bonaparte and her children remained in America, and were always highly respected. The new

Secretary of the Navy is the younger son of the late Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, who died in 1870. The new Secretary of the American Navy has a regular Bonaparte head, and shrewd, humorous eyes. If he has only inherited a thousandth part of his great-uncle's organising genius, the appointment should prove a very lucky one for the American people.



A BONAPARTE AS RULER OF AMERICA'S NAVEE: MR. CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

As we noted in "The Sketch" when the appointment was announced, the new Secretary of the American Navy is descended from Napoleon's brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia, through his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

A Batch of Golden Weddings.

Hollain, in Belgium, may be said to have created a new record the other day by celebrating no less than eight Golden Weddings at once. The event was made the occasion of a special church-service, to which the old

people drove in gaily decorated carts, escorted by a hundred and thirty of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. At the church-door they were met by every able-bodied resident in the town.



A RECRUIT FOR THE GERMAN EMPRESS'S YACHT, "IDUNA": TEACHING THE NEW-COMER TO SALUTE.

The "Iduna" fills a double purpose. It provides a palatial yacht for the German Empress, and also a training-ship for sailors destined for the Royal yachts.

kiln peach at any time." We do not quite see how the poor man is to obey the mysterious command to "say where you can Pansy and arrange your Mimosa to Kiln." This correspondent is evidently a vegetarian, or, at any rate, a horticulturist. But of all the recent Agonists, we like best the lady named Emmie, who, dating from Bexhill, casually informs her sister Bessie that "letter awaits you at G.P.O., Melbourne."

"Beastie, Dear" and "Silent Worshipper" seems to have begun again in various Agony Columns, though one cannot be sure, for there is no doubt that "other parties," both jokers and advertisers, thought proper to intervene in this ecstatic and fantastic romance. Meanwhile, pending an official announcement that "Shy Lady" is really Britannia, and that "Silent Worshipper" is the German nation, we wish to endorse the public appeals addressed to "Beastie, Dear," to start afresh. Certainly he ought to turn over a new leaf, more especially as there is "thyme lotus lily" for him only, to say nothing of "pine



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

regarded as the Marquis of Ormonde's Lady Beatrice's stately beauty much attracted the attention of Queen Victoria, who considered her strikingly like her great-grandmother, that Duchess of Sutherland who was one of her late Majesty's closest friends. Lady Beatrice and her only sister, Lady Constance, are as fond of horses as was their maternal grandfather, the Duke of Westminster. They have also a keen love of the sea, inherited from their own father, and they are always very prominent at Cowes during Regatta Week. Antony, Sir Reginald's beautiful place in the West of England, is very dear to his wife, and she is never happier than when living there quietly with her baby son.

A Commendable Society. The National Art - Collections Fund may be

heartily congratulated on having acquired Whistler's exquisite "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" for the nation. As its name implies, the Society exists to carry out the most patriotic of objects, and in this case it has performed a work which should have been performed before. England, taken as a nation, is singularly poor in Whistlers, and the shade of the great artist must smile a sardonic smile if he sees with what reverence his smallest sketches are now treasured by those critics who in his lifetime regarded him with ill-concealed derision! There are some who declare that the Whistler boom is not likely to last. Time alone will show; but at the present moment what many will not fail to call fantastic prices are given for good specimens of his work by both American and French collectors.



MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON, BROTHER OF THE COUNTESS OF DYSART, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MURIEL DUKE TO-DAY, THE 23RD.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. The resignation of

General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew from his important military command is a source of sincere regret to those who have enjoyed the official hospitality dispensed by him and by his beautiful young wife. Many connoisseurs of feminine beauty consider Lady Beatrice the loveliest of twentieth-century brides. She was married in 1901, and her wedding was a very important social event, for, owing to the fact that she has no brother, she may be heiress. As a débutante,

wives and children, will be entertained at tea and dinner and with various amusements.

Susan, Lady Malmesbury.

Susan, Lady Malmesbury, is known to a wide public as an agreeable and accomplished writer on many of those topics that so keenly interest the modern world. She has broad and sympathetic views on most of what are perhaps foolishly called women's questions, and her name among the contributors to one of the symposiums now so popular in newspapers and magazines always promises an added interest to whatever the discussion may be.



SUSAN, LADY MALMESBURY.

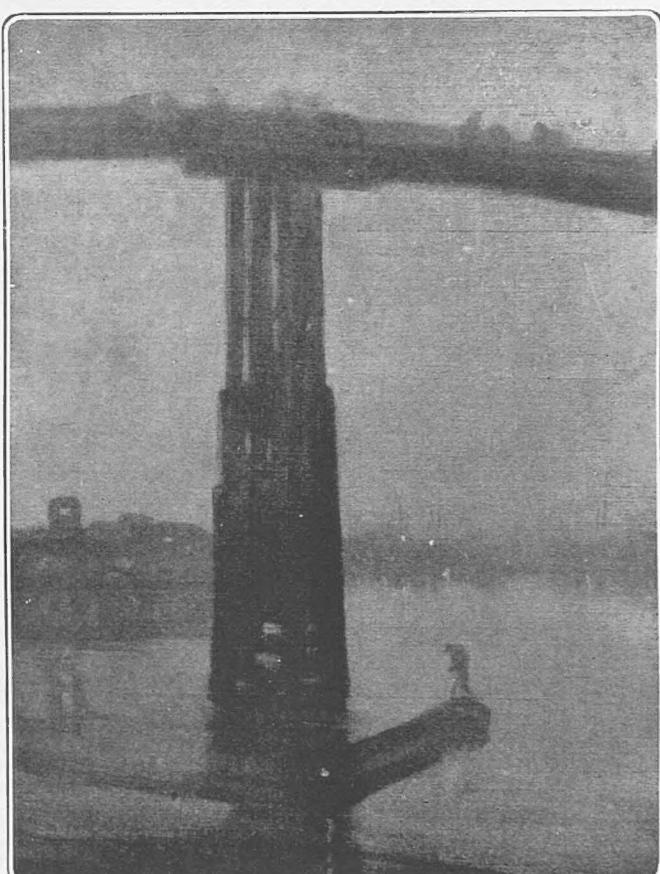
Photograph by Ketubah Collings.

Susan, Lady Malmesbury, married, as her second husband, Major-General Sir John Ardagh, and she takes the greatest interest in his strenuous official work. Thus during the late South African War Lady Malmesbury was an active member of many of those Committees which did all in their power to relieve the sufferings of our soldiers and sailors and their wives and children.

A Child Corporation.

Evidently the old maxim to

the effect that America could always be relied on to produce something new still holds good. One of the parks in the poorest part of New York has actually been turned over to the children who have hitherto run riot in it. It sounds like a rash experiment, but really it is a very clever stroke, for the authorities, knowing the juvenile love of playing at the realities of grown-up life, arranged for the election by the children of a child Mayor and Corporation, who have now been chosen after a most exciting and hotly contested campaign. The ballot was secret, but woman—or rather, girl—suffrage was not conceded. It is not surprising that the new Mayor, who is fifteen, is considered the best all-round athlete of the park, and athletic excellence generally counted for more in the campaign than oratory. His young Worship, assisted by his youthful Corporation, will "run" the park, subject only to the general control of the authorities. After all, the idea is familiar enough as applied to the management of the various games played at English little Tommy, who is obliged by



THE WHISTLER PURCHASED FOR THE NATION: "NOCTURNE IN BLUE AND SILVER."

The "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" here illustrated has been purchased by the National Art-Collections Fund and offered to the Trustees of the National Gallery as a gift to the nation, in order that Whistler may be represented in at least one of the public collections of this country. It is to be hung in the Tate Gallery.

Reproduced by courtesy of the National Art-Collections Fund.

To-Day's St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Society is to be the scene to-day of the wedding of Mr. Douglas Newton and Miss Muriel Duke. Miss Duke is the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel Duke and Mrs. Duke, and Mr. Newton the brother of the Countess of Dysart. The bride and bridegroom will go for a short motor-tour after the wedding, returning on Wednesday of next week to Croxton Park. Here a fête will herald their arrival, and some eleven hundred tenants and employés, with their

Public Schools. Meanwhile, circumstances over which he has at present no control to attend the Acacia Road Public Elementary School, Coronation Green, N.E., wishes to know, Why should London wait? He considers that the limit of age for membership of the London County Council should be fixed at fifteen, and that no elector should be of riper years. More gallant than the New York authorities, little Tommy would gracefully concede girl suffrage, for, as he philosophically observes, "If they don't vote right, you needn't count 'em." Great are the political aptitudes of even the juvenile Anglo-Saxon!



MISS MURIEL DUKE, ONLY CHILD OF LIEUT.-COL. DUKE, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON TO-DAY, THE 23RD.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Royalty at Tring. Lord and Lady Rothschild have been entertaining a future King and Queen at their splendid place, Tring Park, in Hertfordshire. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania are both enthusiastically interested in animals, and they must have delighted in Mr. Walter Rothschild's wonderful natural-history museum. Mr. Rothschild is actually owner of many of the most valuable animals now at the "Zoo," and he is always adding to his private collection. It is an excellent thing for science when a great Peer, or the heir to so wealthy a man as Lord Rothschild, gives himself up to such a hobby as zoology, for he is able to achieve much that is utterly out of the power of those enthusiasts who are only moderately rich. The acquiring of wild animals is an expensive pursuit, but one full of interest and amusement to the zoologist.

A Future Marchioness. Lady Yarmouth has taken her place among our country hostesses, and both her husband and herself, accompanied by a party of friends, were present at the Bideford Flower Show. It is wonderful how American



A FUTURE MARCHIONESS: LADY YARMOUTH.

Lady Yarmouth is one of the comparatively numerous Americans who have married into the British Peerage. She was a Miss Thaw, of Chicago, and, like so many of her countrywomen, she has adapted herself in an extraordinary manner to the conditions of English life.

Photograph by Langfier.

women adapt themselves to the conditions of English life. Lady Yarmouth was, it will be remembered, a Miss Thaw, of Chicago, and when she married the Marquis of Hertford's eldest son and heir she knew far less of England and English ways than did most of those fair American heiresses who have married into the British Peerage. But, like the latest American Peeress—*née* Daisy Leiter—Lady Yarmouth has taken very kindly to her new pleasures and duties. She is clever and thoughtful, and seems to show little interest in the purely frivolous section of Society. She has also remained very American in her feelings and often takes "a run home."

Strawberry-Leaves At this time of the year most of our British Dukes are in the Highlands or in Scotland.

Lowlands. The Dukes of Sutherland and of Richmond have, of course, a very close connection with the Far North, and make a point of spending a considerable portion of each year on their Scottish estates. The Duke of Richmond and his young daughter are entertaining a family-party at Gordon Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are winning golden opinions in the neighbourhood of Floors Castle, her Grace being the first American who has married a Scottish Duke. This week the Duke of Atholl will entertain a large house-party in honour of the Atholl Gathering. This important gathering is one of the first held each summer and autumn north of the Tweed, and brings many Southerners to Perthshire each August. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford take a sporting-estate each year, and the Duke of Westminster has many friends enjoying his hospitality on the magnificent Highland estate which was said to be the favourite home of the late Duke.

The Shah on his Travels.

last May he spent Eastern potentates causes the utmost amusement in those towns of Republican France which he honours with a visit. There is something fantastic about his personality; he is acute and clever, and often makes very brilliant remarks concerning the local sights of a neighbourhood. Patent-medicine vendors have in him an enthusiastic patron: he delights in trying the pills and lotions which pour in upon him by every post on his unlucky suite, and then watching the results, which are often anything but agreeable to those concerned, for the Shah has no belief in the little pill and the little dose! He is also very much at home in Ostend, and his visit there this year is said to have meant a rich harvest for numerous hotel-keepers and café-managers, to say nothing of pedlars.

An Ungallant Century.

In old days the rumour of an engagement sometimes actually brought about a marriage, for it was felt to be a terrible thing when a man's name became linked with that of a girl. The modern world is not so scrupulous, and a short time ago a noble Duke had to contradict publicly the story that he was betrothed to a charming, widowed Peeress. Short engagements have also become the rule, and it is now quite usual for a young couple to fix an early date for the wedding within a few days of the fact of their betrothal becoming known to their friends and acquaintances. Even in France the old, elaborate rules concerning matrimony are being altered. Parents play a less important rôle than they did, and, perhaps owing to the *entente cordiale*, it has become quite the fashion to make *un mariage d'amour*.

The Shah delights in French watering-places; he is a great believer in the water cure, and has become one of the *habitues* of Vichy, while some weeks at Contrexéville. This greatest of

The Vizier.



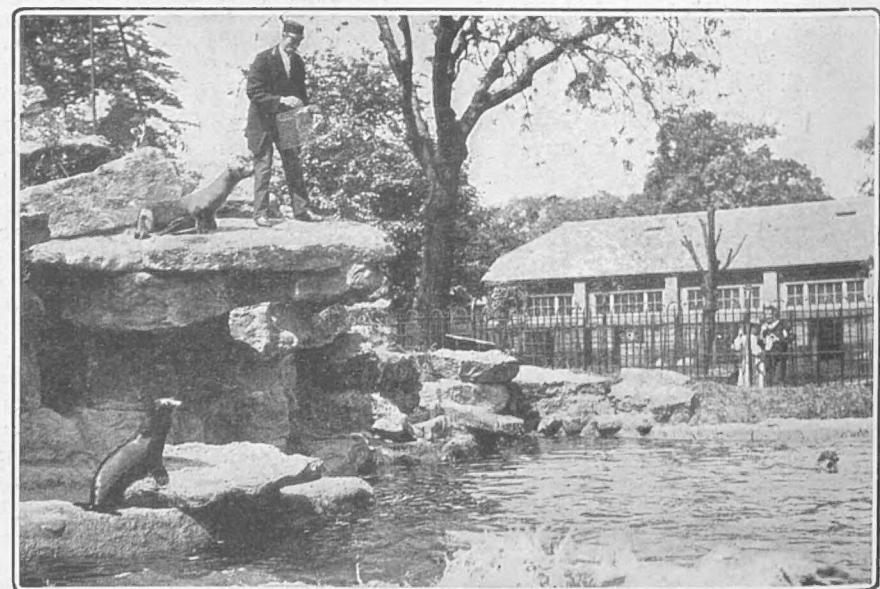
The Shah.

THE "KING OF KINGS" ON HIS TRAVELS: MUZAFFAR-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA, IN OSTEND.

The "King of Kings" seems to have enjoyed himself at Ostend as thoroughly as he did in Paris, showing himself far from being above practical jokes of the simplest nature. His suite also managed to get a good deal of amusement, and altogether the local hotel-keepers, café-managers, and others had much cause for rejoicing.

Photograph by Mendham.

women adapt themselves to the conditions of English life. Lady Yarmouth was, it will be remembered, a Miss Thaw, of Chicago, and when she married the Marquis of Hertford's eldest son and heir she knew far less of England and English ways than did most of those fair American heiresses who have married into the British Peerage. But, like the latest American Peeress—*née* Daisy Leiter—Lady Yarmouth has taken very kindly to her new pleasures and duties. She is clever and thoughtful, and seems to show little interest in the purely frivolous section of Society. She has also remained very American in her feelings and often takes "a run home."



ADDITIONAL COMFORT FOR INMATES OF THE "ZOO": THE NEW SEA-LION POND.

The new sea-lion pond, which is about four times the size of its predecessor, is the home of three young Californian sea-lions who arrived at the "Zoo" quite recently. It is hoped that, considering the trouble that has been taken to provide them with a semblance of their natural home, the new-comers will thrive and live long.

Photograph by Park.

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Mrs. Barrington (Mrs. Mouillot). Jack Barrington (Mr. Graham Browne).

Professor Shale (Mr. Frederick Volpé).

Miss Foden (Miss Cicely Richards).

THE
BUTLER
SEES.

"WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE THAT, JACK, THERE IS NOT A WOMAN IN THE WORLD COULD REFUSE YOU ANYTHING—NOT EVEN YOUR OWN WIFE."

"YOU ARE THE SCOUNDREL WHO ENTERED MY ROOM LAST NIGHT."



Pink—the Butler (Mr. Edward Rigby).

Jack Barrington. General Dunlop (Mr. C. M. Lowne).

Professor Shale.

Abraham Weinstein (Mr. Edmund Gwenn).

"WHAT DOES MR. BARRINGTON SAY?"—"I SAY, 'CREAM.'"

Jack Barrington, a young married man, pays a visit to Foden Wells hydropathic establishment, forgets to say that he is married, and becomes the favourite of every lady staying there. Then, just as he is at the height of his enjoyment, he receives a telegram to say that his wife is on her way to the hydro. In due time she arrives, and, learning the position her husband has taken up and that he has described her as his sister, agrees to play the sister for the time being. The result is that she flirts with Sir Charles Foden, and makes her husband woefully jealous. It is hardly necessary to add that numerous farcical situations are thus brought about, and it is one of these that gives the play its title.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial Publishing Co.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WE are always reading about new schemes for the suppression of drunkards and the better regulation of the drink-traffic, but surely the best blow for temperance has been struck by the authorities of Liverpool, who run special carriages for drunkards in the last trains that go to and from the City. When a man is so elevated as to be unable to look after himself, he



ICE-MAKING BY ELECTRICITY: SPLITTING A CAKE OF THE ELECTRICALLY-MADE ICE.

What is claimed to be the only ice-making plant worked by electricity in the United States has just been installed in the neighbourhood of the Niagara Falls. The necessary electric current is received from the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company, and the tank in which the ice is made is 98 feet long, 50½ feet wide, and 9 feet 9 inches deep. This tank is divided into eight compartments, each of which contains four plates. One of these eight compartments yields eight cakes of ice daily, each cake weighing approximately four tons, and measuring some 15 feet 3 inches by 9 feet 6 inches. Out of each large cake thirty-two small cakes are made.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

is bundled into a compartment reserved for cases such as his, while down in the South he is permitted to stray into a carriage that may be full of nervous women. Many a man who has had too much to drink retains sufficient sense to enable him to feel acutely the indignity of association with a crowd that is more intoxicated still, and the fear of the drunkards' carriage is likely to keep many a reveller from the glass that upsets the mental balance. If the Liverpool undertaking should succeed, we may hope to see a compartment labelled "For Drunkards Only" attached to every London train that goes o' nights to Suburbia. Of course, there is some rolling-stock on certain of our less enterprising suburban lines that would only be patronised by drunkards under any circumstances, and nearly every Company must have some sets of carriages in its yards that would suit the purpose admirably.

St. Grouse. I am inclined to believe that the paeon of praise raised in honour of the grouse has been found rather premature in many districts. Everybody was saying that, with such a splendid summer, the birds would be in magnificent condition. As it happens, the prophets are so far justified, but the good condition has made grouse very strong on the wing, and in places where the birds are not driven they have been very difficult to approach. Glancing over a paper that gave details of bags made on the Twelfth, I was surprised to read of one sportsman who claimed a grey hen among his spoils. Now this bird is the wife of the blackcock, and may not be shot before the twentieth of the month. The shooter stands convicted of an offence against the Game Laws, and if the authorities are as hard up as usual they may make him regret his candour. I have shot black game before Aug. 20, partridge before September, and pheasants before October; but in every case the shooting has been accidental, and I have pocketed the slain and kept a silent tongue in my head. To advertise the indiscretion in a newspaper is only reasonable under conditions like the present.

A Suggestion in Season. Among the chaff of the correspondence columns the patient gleaner may gather a little corn now and again, and I am indebted to a "Worried Parent," a "Tired Mother," an "Anxious Housewife," or somebody equally unoriginal, for a very sensible suggestion that caught my eye the other day. The lady wrote to comment upon the prices demanded for seaside accommodation in August, prices that were keeping herself and children in town, and suggested that it would be a good thing for schools under the Government to arrange for holidays in June and July as well as August. Such an arrangement, she pointed out, would enable people of small means to secure a

seaside holiday at moderate prices. There is a great deal to be said for this suggestion—in fact, it is so reasonable that, in all probability, it will be allowed to drop.

Late Holidays. There is no doubt that the people who must take their holiday in late autumn are not in need of our pity. At most of the seaside-places you are a very welcome guest in October, and prices have once again assumed some relation to the values received. In the country, too, the heat and glare of "full breath'd summer" have passed, and the autumn colouring is better than anything that August has to show. I do not think there is anything to be done in the summer that cannot be done in the autumn, and in October, too, the seaside-band has departed from most of our shores, together with nigger minstrels, masked musicians, and other things for which a reflective man has no use at all.

Exit Heligoland! When Heligoland was handed over to the Kaiser, in return for certain advantages in Africa of a kind not altogether unsubstantial, there was a very loud outcry by the Opposition against British diplomacy. Lord Salisbury was accountable for the deal, if memory serves me rightly, and he was very much blamed for giving so much and getting so little. Now it appears that Heligoland is disappearing from the surface of the waters; Poseidon has some use for it underneath, where it can be of little or no use to Germany. The Kaiser's engineers can't keep the island out of the water, and it is now seen that, unless the unexpected happens, Heligoland will be less than the shadow of a name by the end of the present century. Since the year 1890 about a quarter of the island has disappeared. One class of people of whatever nationality will be very sorry: I refer to the ornithologists. Heligoland is a very great junction for migrating birds, and certainly offers greater opportunity for studying their habits than any other place of the same size. We owe a lot of our present knowledge to the little island that seems doomed to end its career under the sea.



AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF DECIDING THE AMOUNT OF TOLLS DUE: WEIGHING A CANAL-BOAT IN THE CLEVELAND LOCK, OHIO AND ERIE CANAL.

The weigh-lock of the Ohio and Erie Canal is situated near Cleveland, the busiest place on the system. There are numerous boats of equal size on the canal, and it is customary to decide the amount of toll which is payable by their owners by weighing craft and cargo. The weight of each boat being known, it is obviously simple to find out the fees due for the cargo. The weigh-lock itself is a small canal, walled off from the canal proper. At each end of the lock there is a water-gate, which lies flat on the bottom of the canal when open and is raised by chains and a gearing and crank on the stone wall at one side of the lock. When the boat to be weighed has been floated into the lock and the gates have been closed, the water is released, and the boat is left resting on iron beams which form the weighing platform of the scales.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

A NEW LEADING DANCER FOR THE EMPIRE.



MISS TOPSY SINDEN.

Miss Topsy Sinden is to support Mlle. Genée in the ballet, now being rehearsed, with which the Empire will re-open in October. The music for the new divertissement is being composed by Mr. Sidney Jones, while Mr. C. Wilhelm is responsible for the invention and supervision of the book and for the design of the costumes. At the moment of writing, the title of the production has not been definitely settled, but it is likely to be "The Bugle Call."

Two Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann; three by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

1904-5.

WHETHER it is really difficult to make bricks without straw I do not know, for I have never tried to make bricks, but I believe that the method is so far altered that in our days brickmakers bother their heads chiefly about the clay. It is, however, decidedly difficult to write a weekly article concerning the drama when there are no new plays to talk about, particularly if somebody else on the paper has the task and right of dealing in news and anticipation. With a certain amount of amusement I observe each year how this difficulty affects my fellow-workers, and notice that they all get driven, at least once per annum, to eking out a week with an article on "the past season." They hate doing it, because it is even more troublesome to write than it is tiresome to read, which is saying a very great deal; and yet there is a sort of fascination about the task. I have been reading the articles of my brother critics, and find that, according to them, the 1904-5 crop was peculiarly bad from all points of view. It even appears that a quite unusually large amount of money has been lost in the theatres, a fact which some optimistically connect with the general worthlessness of the plays presented and the alleged indifference of the acting. Even musical comedy is said to have enjoyed less than its usual favour, and Mr. George Edwardes has been writing and saying a good deal about drama and the theatres—some evidence that all does not go well in his department. What a melancholy task it is looking through the record of one's evenings and afternoons at the theatre during the past year! The red-letter days have been so few that, if it be possible to establish a kind of profit-and-loss account, with pleasure on the credit side and boredom, and even sometimes disgust, on the debit, the account seems sadly to the bad. Probably this would be the case every year, but there is no doubt about it as far as the past twelve months are concerned. Such a method of keeping accounts is fallacious: in the first place, every man has to be his own auditor, from which falsification of the accounts naturally comes; and, in the second, it is a fine question how far it is possible to establish the necessary kind of set-off.

It is noticeable that no non-musical play running this time last year is now on the boards; and, indeed, it looks as if only two big successes of a popular kind have been won during the twelve months. Mr. Sutro's play, "The Walls of Jericho," seems likely to run more than a year, and "Leah Kleschna," imported from America, also appears certain to enjoy a big innings—a curious fact that the two great successes should have been by playwrights who, although by no means novices, held a position of little importance in the legitimate theatre. I do not pretend that there have not been a good many affairs which I have marked with a white stone, and I will venture to give a rough list: "Beauty and the Barge," "A Wife without a Smile," "Hippolytus," "Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden," "Mr. Hopkinson," "Great Friends," "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," "The Trojan Women," "The Chevaleer," "The Power of Darkness," the Hamlets of both Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Martin Harvey, "The Dictator," "The Flute of Pan," "Business is Business," "His Highness my Husband," "Leah Kleschna," "Peter Pan," "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," "John

Bull's Other Island," the Russian play at the Avenue, "Man and Supernian," "The Walls of Jericho," "The Thieves' Comedy," "The Man of the Moment," and "Lucky Miss Dean"; but, alas! in most of these cases the white stone is only a very tiny pebble. I suspect that at the time I set a fairly big black rock against a good many of them, and now only remember the pleasanter aspect. To an unusual extent the successes have belonged to outsiders. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not had his customary success; whilst "A Wife without a Smile" was certainly not a triumph for Mr. Pinero, who, however, has a just ground of complaint in the fact that his piece was unfairly attacked on account of an indelicacy which only existed in the minds of those who were shocked, or said that they were. Apropos of this, there was quite a fuss over the fact that a successful veteran journalist announced very loudly that he was going simultaneously to begin a career as playgoer and as dramatic critic. It was disappointing to find that he contributed nothing new of any value to the eternal discussion about drama. Attempting to find some kind of

trend of movement in the year, one notices a revival of farce—English farce—but none of avowed melodrama: both facts are probably accidental, as there is no true evidence of settled policy anywhere save at the Court Theatre. The Shakspere boom, most notable characteristic of the twelve months, gave us a wonderful week at His Majesty's and proved Mr. Tree to be a wonder, and far more of "the Bard's" dramas were presented at other theatres than we are accustomed to; but it is impossible to deny the fact that the public hardly rose to the occasion. Even Mr. H. B. Irving's remarkably able and interesting Hamlet had far less success than was expected and deserved; whilst Mr. Martin Harvey made frank confession of failure to attract, although much of his performance was of great merit and his production was excellent. However, managers are undaunted, and two new Shylocks are promised. It may, I think, be taken that the playgoer's interest in Shakspere is not so genuine as many people imagine. Quite a feature of the year, or the feature, has been the success of the Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the Court, where they have produced half-a-dozen pieces of unusual character and exceptional merit, and under their auspices Mr. Shaw has become a popular dramatist. In consequence of these proceedings at the Court, the valuable performances of the now Incorporated Stage Society attracted rather less than usual attention; but the Society still enjoys well-deserved popularity. It will be remembered, too, that the Mermaid Society, with which Mr. Grein has thrown in his lot, has begun work on a substantial scale, and seems capable of fulfilling its rather large promises. In addition, a new Stage Producing Society, called the Pioneers, has been founded, with a fairly strong Committee, which has not yet got to work. So, after all, if the great playhouses have been disappointing, and the pessimists are calling out loudly, the year has been by no means barren, and the promise of the future is decidedly favourable. Moreover, although it may be true that the operations of the dreaded Trust have begun, it will be seen that, in addition to the resistance to be offered by the orthodox managers, there will be a useful opposition by several organisations the basis of whose existence is war against the principles of commercialism in drama put forward with courage by Mr. Klaws on behalf of the Trust.



JAPANESE ACTORS WHO HAVE BEEN TOURING THIS COUNTRY WITH THE JAPANESE DRAMA,
"OSSODE; OR, THE GEISHA'S REVENGE."

The Company have been playing "Ossode" in Japanese, and, despite their ability, have met with comparatively little success. As a result, they have been left almost penniless at York, but they intend to reorganise their affairs and make a fresh start.

Photograph by Debenham.

mission of failure to attract, although much of his performance was of great merit and his production was excellent. However, managers are undaunted, and two new Shylocks are promised. It may, I think, be taken that the playgoer's interest in Shakspere is not so genuine as many people imagine. Quite a feature of the year, or the feature, has been the success of the Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the Court, where they have produced half-a-dozen pieces of unusual character and exceptional merit, and under their auspices Mr. Shaw has become a popular dramatist. In consequence of these proceedings at the Court, the valuable performances of the now Incorporated Stage Society attracted rather less than usual attention; but the Society still enjoys well-deserved popularity. It will be remembered, too, that the Mermaid Society, with which Mr. Grein has thrown in his lot, has begun work on a substantial scale, and seems capable of fulfilling its rather large promises. In addition, a new Stage Producing Society, called the Pioneers, has been founded, with a fairly strong Committee, which has not yet got to work. So, after all, if the great playhouses have been disappointing, and the pessimists are calling out loudly, the year has been by no means barren, and the promise of the future is decidedly favourable. Moreover, although it may be true that the operations of the dreaded Trust have begun, it will be seen that, in addition to the resistance to be offered by the orthodox managers, there will be a useful opposition by several organisations the basis of whose existence is war against the principles of commercialism in drama put forward with courage by Mr. Klaws on behalf of the Trust.

TO TOUR IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."



MISS CLAIRE RICKARDS,

WHO IS TO FORM ONE OF THE COMPANY TOURING WITH MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss begin their tour with "The Catch of the Season"—which, by the way, registered its four hundredth performance at the Vaudeville last week—on the fourth of next month. They open at the Grand Theatre, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTIES OF CHESHIRE: SOME FINE EXAMPLES OF TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSES.



1. THE BEAR INN, SANDBACH.

2. THE CROSSES IN THE MARKET-PLACE, SANDBACH, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN 608 TO COMMEMORATE THE CONVERSION OF PENDA, KING OF MERCI.

3. OLD MORETON HALL.

4. THE OLD HALL INN, SANDBACH, FORMERLY SANDBACH HALL, THE MANSION OF THE EARLS OF CREWE.

5. THE COURTYARD OF MORETON HALL.

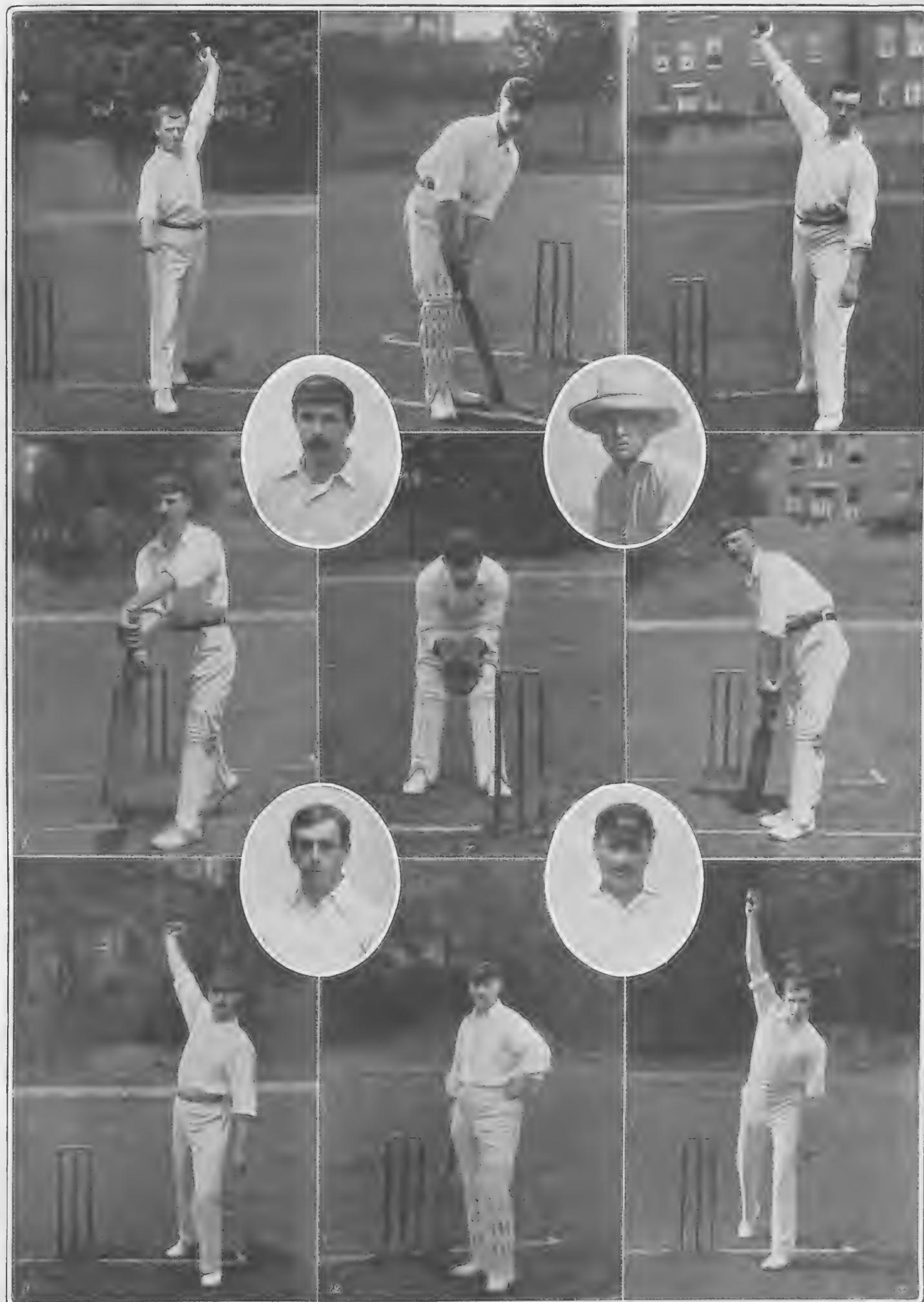
6. CHORLEY HALL, SHOWING WHAT REMAINS OF THE MOAT.

The two crosses which stand in Sandbach Market-Place are believed to have been erected to commemorate the conversion of Penda, King of Mercia, and are sixteen feet eight inches and twelve feet high respectively. The carvings on their faces illustrate the Birth and Crucifixion of Christ. They stand in their present position through the instrumentality of Mr. Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, and were placed there after having been removed in turn from Utkinton, Tarporley, and Oulton Park.

Sandbach Hall was built in the fifteenth and restored in the middle of the seventeenth century.

Photographs supplied by the Advance Agency.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XI. LEICESTERSHIRE.



1. ALLSOPP.

2. KING.

3. GILL

4. C. J. B. WOOD.

5. V. F. S. CRAWFORD.

6. KNIGHT.

7. WHITESIDE.

8. WHITEHEAD

9. A. E. DAVIS.

10. COE.

11. JAYES.

12. C. E. DE TRAFFORD (CAPTAIN).

13. W. W. ODELL.

Photographs by Foster.

THE JOKE PATERNAL—AND PAINFUL.



SYMPATHETIC VISITOR: But why did you call him "Hereward" ?
PATERNAL PERSON: Well, you see, he 's always a-wake !

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

Some Social Pests.

II.—THE EXHIBITIONERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. DICKINSON, sister of the late C. S. Parnell, has written a history of her brother. She is a Conservative in politics and guarantees the truth of every word she writes. Anything that throws light on the mysterious personality of Parnell will be read with interest, though it may be doubted whether he is likely to have given much of his confidence to a relative opposed to him in politics. Mr. Barry O'Brien did his best with the materials available at the time, but his book was quite open to the strictures passed upon it by Mr. Leonard Courtney in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has made a discovery of some importance. He has found the original edition of Dryden's paraphrase of Du Fresnoy's "De Arte Graphica." It has always been known that this work existed, for it was published on June 27, 1695, but no recent editor has been able to refer to it. The text, as given in current editions, is invariably printed from the edition of 1716, which was revised and corrected by the portrait painter, Charles Jervas. From the original text, which has happily fallen into Mr. Gosse's hands, it is evident that Jervas has practically rewritten the pamphlet. As may well be imagined, he has altered only to spoil. Dryden was "almost single in the great manner of his" prose, and is not to be tinkered with a light heart. One little illustration may be given. When Dryden speaks of "that grave majesty, that soft silence and repose which gives beauty to the piece," Jervas prints "that solemn majesty and agreeable repose." It is to be hoped that Mr. Gosse will find time to issue a reprint of the original, which seems to be unique.

A critic in the *Athenaeum* discusses the limitations of Edward FitzGerald as a critic. He says that FitzGerald "could see no merit in Browning, that he uttered crass misjudgment on Rossetti, and generally, where he did not chance to sympathise, showed himself densely unappreciative." It is admitted, however, that FitzGerald was always sane, and where he failed to sympathise was when the writer seemed to him to outrage sense and simplicity. "For he lacked, perhaps, the highest imagination. To this there are some curious exceptions. Towards Jane Austen he was cold, obviously because she lacked all except the most realistic imagination, for, though FitzGerald was without the supreme imagination, he was, after all, a poet in grain." FitzGerald disliked Rossetti for very obvious reasons. His love of form prejudiced him hopelessly against Browning, and he followed with very little sympathy the main lines of Browning's thought. As for Jane Austen, he disliked her for the same reason as Charlotte Brontë disliked her. Jane Austen had no poetry and no passion, and, in the view of Charlotte Brontë and Edward FitzGerald, novels without poetry and passion were of the second order, even though they might excel in humour.

Joaquin Miller, the author of "Songs of the Sierras," made a sensation in London in the early 'seventies of last century. His book had a vogue. It was admired by Rossetti and others, and the poet was a lion of the season. Joaquin Miller did not maintain the standard of his early work, and he is now almost forgotten in this country. In America, however, he is remembered, and on July 15 a banquet was given in his honour. The chairman declared that Joaquin Miller was, "since the death of Walt Whitman, the greatest living American

poet." I, for one, am not inclined to contradict him, though there is something to be said for the veteran T. B. Aldrich.

The late Mr. John Hay was one of the most popular representatives that America ever sent to England. Few did more to promote a good understanding between the Mother Country and her great daughter. Mr. Hay's anonymous novel, "The Breadwinners," is specially interesting in the light of its author's career. Published as it was in the early 'eighties, it has an inevitable air of old-fashionedness, and yet is in many ways up-to-date. Mr. Hay saw that the Labour question was looming and impending, and his foresight has been vindicated. There are some bright bits in the story; thus—

Budsey (the English butler) spoke in the tone of solemn and respectful tyranny which he always assumed in reminding his employer of his social duties.

Spiritualism is the most convenient religion in the world. You may disbelieve two-thirds of it, and yet be perfectly orthodox.

Writing about a clergyman who had failed as such, Mr. Hay says—

He now occupied himself in writing poems and sketches of an amorous and pietistic nature, which, in his opinion, embodied the best qualities of Swinburne and Chalmers combined, but which the magazines had thus far steadily refused to print.

Among the English exhibitors at the St. Louis Exhibition, Mr. Cedric Chivers, the bookbinder of Bath, took an honourable place. He exhibited specimens of his so-called "vellucent" binding, and took a gold medal for them. When the fair had closed, Mr. Chivers established a branch of his bindery in St. Louis, and had for a time a special exhibition of his goods. Mr. Chivers' chief improvement consists in sewing the pages of the ordinary binding-tapes, instead of merely passing the stitches over the tapes; in joining the sections at seven or more points, instead of at two or three; in fastening the end-papers to the book by linen hinges, which serve as joints to the covers, thus making the book more flexible and durable. If the cover of an ordinary book be torn off, the volume is ready to fall to pieces. The cover of a Chivers book must be cut off, and then

the volume can be re-bound without re-sewing. Mr. Chivers' motto is: "Books should be bound once for all." I find that my volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," bought at the time of their first appearance in half-Russia, are all going to pieces. The binding of reference-books in particular should be very closely studied by publishers.

Japan has not yet become the Paradise of the English publisher, but the time may come. As yet, there is no copyright law in Japan, and, though several of the English publishers have sent out travellers, they have not yet done a very large business. Books which the Japanese have liked they have taken and adapted to their own purpose. It is said of the Japanese that they never adopt, they adapt. They publish a huge number of books every year, something like twenty thousand. During the war, as might have been expected, books about Russia have been largely read. The romancers of Japan have a wide popularity, and there is a magazine called *Gakuto*, a literary journal issued by Maruya and Co., the leading publishers of Japan.

The auction-price of the "Edinburgh Edition" of Stevenson is steadily advancing, and the last copy fetched considerably more than £30.

O. O.



"STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"—*"Macbeth."*

SHAKSPERE ACCORDING TO THE MOTORIST.

CHANDRA NIL—"THE BLUE MOON."



MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE BLUE MOON," AT THE LYRIC.

Miss Florence Smithson is playing "The Blue Moon" in the piece of that name to be produced at the Lyric on Monday (the 28th) in place of Miss Ida René, who was compelled by illness to give up the part. Miss Smithson is comparatively new to London, but she has a soprano voice of excellent quality, and much is expected of her.

Photograph by H. Gill, Colchester.

MAKING THE WORLD GO ROUND: LOVERS OF ALL LANDS.

"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."



MAKING THE WORLD GO ROUND: LOVERS OF ALL LANDS.

"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."



1. SPAIN.

2. TIBET.

3. PALESTINE (A SHEIKH AND HIS WIFE).

4. ARIZONA (CLIFF-DWELLERS).

5. CUBA.

6. SWEDEN.

From Stereographs Copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

THE PIERAGE: NOBLE LANDLORDS OF SEASIDE



1. EASTBOURNE AND (1A) ITS PART-OWNER, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

4. GRANGE-OVER-SANDS AND (4A) ITS CHIEF OWNER, THE EARL OF DERBY.

6. CROMER AND (6A) ONE OF ITS MAKERS, LORD SUFFIELD.

2. SKEGNESS AND (2A) ITS LA

7. BEXHILL AND (7A) ITS MO

Quite a number of the members of the Peerage are more or less intimately connected with seaside towns and their welfare. Some, indeed, derive most of their income from them. Bexhill owes everything to Earl De La Warr; Cromer much to Lord Suffield; Skeg-

NS AND THE PLACES THEY ARE INTERESTED IN.



THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH.

3. SCARBOROUGH AND (3 A) ITS GROUND-LANDLORD, THE EARL OF LONDESBOURGH.

5. LLANDUDNO AND (5 A) ITS GREATEST LANDLORD, LORD MOSTYN.

SPIRIT, EARL DE LA WARR.

8. FOLKESTONE AND (8 A) ITS CHIEF GROUND-LANDLORD, THE EARL OF RADNOR.

us, Lord Mostyn finds a source of wealth in Llandudno ground-rents; Lord Radnor in Folkestone; the Earl of Derby in Grange; and the Earl of Londesborough in Scarborough, much to the Earl of Scarbrough; and Eastbourne much to the Duke of Devonshire.

THE DUKE OF LANCASTER'S VISIT TO MARIENBAD: SCENES OF THE KING'S "CURE."



1. THE WALDQUELLE.

HIS MAJESTY TAKING THE WATERS.

2. THE FERDINANDSBRUNNEN.

3. WHERE THE KING IS STAYING: THE HOTEL WEIMAR.

4. THE KING'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOTEL WEIMAR.

5. THE AMBROSIUSBRUNNEN.

6. THE KREUZBRUNNEN.

As is customary, the King is incognito during his visit to Marienbad for the "cure," and he is known while there as the Duke of Lancaster. His Majesty began his "cure" in the early morning of the day after his arrival, following the prescribed treatment; that is to say, rising between six and seven o'clock and at that time drinking two glasses of the water from the famous Kreuzbrunnen, walking for two hours before a breakfast of the simplest nature, and following rigidly the special diet and orders as to exercise. The "Duke" has two living-rooms, a dining-room and reception-room, a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a bath-room, opening one into the other. The Kreuzbrunnen and the Ferdinandbrunnen are the favourite springs at Marienbad, and their waters are very similar. The Waldquelle and the Ambrosiusquelle are less rich in minerals, but yield more carbonic-acid gas. The Karolinenbrunnen and the Ambrosiusbrunnen are specially notable for the large proportion of iron contained in their waters.

A JAPANESE ACTRESS WHO IS TO PLAY IN ENGLISH.



MME. FUJI-KO, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN LONDON SHORTLY.

Mme. Fuji-ko, who has already met with considerable success in America, is to make her first professional appearance in this country in the autumn, presenting a "pictorial monologue"—a Japanese playlet in English. Mr. Yoshio Markino, the Japanese artist who assisted Mr. Tree in the production of "The Darling of the Gods," is painting special scenery and preparing special effects for her.

AN ANTIDOTE TO 80 IN THE SHADE: AN AMERICAN ROOF-GARDEN.



NEW YORK SETS LONDON A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The New-York roof-garden is an institution that London might well copy, although the smuts are an ever-present difficulty—avoided in some miraculous manner on "the other side." It is said that during the really hot weather it provides the only habitable place in the city, despite the elaborate methods of fighting the heat that are in vogue.

Photographs by G. G. Bain.

THE CAMERA-FIEND AT WORK.



PRESSING THE BUTTON UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FROM "THE SPRING CHICKEN."



MISS ISABELLE LIDSTER, WHO IS PLAYING LA MODISTE AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. VI.—SIGNA MAKES HER BOW.

"TWO thousand a year is not a great income," said Lady Jane, silkily. "Still, it rescues dear Noel from absolute want! It was so nice of his godmother—always a most unassuming person, too; indeed, I mistook her for the dressmaker on one occasion when she came to call, and I am afraid she slipped off my visiting-list quite a year ago."

"That is a pity, since the whole family are inclined to canonise her now!" said Signa, drily. "However, she does not seem to have borne malice, as she has promoted Noel to the position of an eligible."

"Hardly eligible, dear! Two thousand goes such a very little way unless one lives in Bayswater or the country. Poor Noel!"

"Oh, I did not mean amongst us!" said Signa, with a laughing sneer and a glance out of the window at the respectable Sloane Street trees, decorously dusty though only just in bud. "But possibly some young person in the middle classes may take pity on him now, even though it means—Bayswater!"

Lady Jane glanced rather uneasily at Signa's straight young back, which was all that presented itself to her to help out Signa's meaning. And Lady Jane was often at a loss to know whether Signa was in earnest or ironical. She was beginning to think, with despair, that when her youngest daughter talked sense—the sense of Sloane Street and the Duchess—it meant revolt, and would end in Signa doing some dreaded and unconventional thing, such as wanting to take up a profession or refusing a really sound offer, for instance. Sometimes—since his godmother had behaved in such a really laudable manner—she thought, with a sigh, that even two thousand a year and Bayswater would be better than the awful *esclandre* of which she lived in terror. If Signa must marry a poor man, better Noel, who was, somehow, so satisfactory to all the family, than one of those younger sons with whom the girl delighted to frighten her chaperons.

Lady Jane is a dear, good soul, but she is accustomed to be unwise in her management of Signa. She allowed her new approval of Noel to be read in the growing maternity of her manner. Hitherto she had been cousinly in her treatment of him—she was not his aunt, or that might have been her attitude—and when things looked very black in the matrimonial market she comforted herself aloud with his advantages. Signa hated the obvious. Her temper had been decidedly uncertain since Captain Verney had come into what she henceforth styled his "Bayswater income," and she sallied forth this very afternoon in a mood that was ripe for mischief.

She found it at Lady Bloomfield's afternoon crush, where the Bohemian element was mingling with the severely social, and everybody was discussing the great "Benefit night" at the Bacchante Theatre of Varieties in aid of the War Fund. The Bacchante is a very superior music-hall, of course; still, it is a music-hall, and that fact lent a zest to the way in which everyone was buying tickets—in aid of the charity!

There was a fat man in a long frock-coat standing in the centre of the group of the smartest women present when Signa arrived. He was Batsburg, the proprietor of the Bacchante and the originator of the Benefit, but Signa hardly glanced at him. There is no doubt that she was in a very bad mood indeed, and her eyes, roaming about for some evil deed to prove this, did not alight upon Batsburg as the special means arranged by the Powers of Darkness to help her. It was not with any thought of the fat man and his greasy curls in her mind that she sat down at the piano after the crowd had thinned a little and volunteered a song. There had been music going on all the afternoon—the real professional music that presupposes that nobody will listen much; but Signa's performance was entirely different, and everyone listened, and, indeed, crowded in from the other rooms to hear. She has a singularly clear voice, strong enough to fill a concert-room, and trained by Da Capri. But not all the Maestros in the world could give Signa her pure enunciation and the deadly effect of her singing. Nor did Da Capri, I am sure, think that his excellent training would go to help Signa to give Lady Bloomfield's guests a treat such as that performance of "Hy'ar there! Clear the road for Lisbeth."

They were a noisy audience when Signa's singing had suddenly transformed them from well-dressed, lukewarm men and women into laughing, applauding human beings, not above joining in that last swinging chorus of the rippling, catchy melody, until it seemed no

more a drawing-room in Pont Street, but the cotton-fields of Louisiana. Lady Bloomfield's own high cackle cut loudly through the deeper notes of her friends; Signa could see the men drawing breath to demand an encore, even as she rose, flushed with the excitement of her success, from the piano, and she heard, all across the room, the Manager ask who she was. Two minutes later, someone brought him over and introduced him, and they stood by the instrument, talking quickly and earnestly—so deep in conversation, indeed, that Signa would not be interrupted to sing again. It was only when she looked past his broad back that she caught sight of Verney, nonchalant, eye-glass in eye, evidently not at all upset by her reckless interpretation of the notorious nigger melody.

"Yes, of course I will!" said Signa to the Manager. "I should like it!" and she nodded to Verney over his shoulder. Her smile was brilliant.

Half London was in the stalls of the Bacchante on the great Benefit night, and the boxes were taken by select parties who thought the auditorium a little public for the light of their presence. I was tickled to see the Duchess levelling her glasses at Poppy Le Marchant when that young lady danced the Conger-Eel Dance in aid of the charity, and admired the tolerance of her attitude. Lady Jane was in the box, too, and Sir Wilfred and Lady Leamington—Signa's eldest sister, the one who married into the State; but Signa herself was not present, and, when I went round to pay my respects to her Grace, I learned that she had pleaded a headache and stayed at home. The cause, I thought, was not far to seek, as Signa would have persisted that she had lumbago if it would have saved her accompanying a party of which the Duchess made one.

Batsburg had tacitly promised the house a sensation that night, and we were all a little eager; it had not been announced on the boards, but had floated round Society through the private channels, and we kept asking each other who was this new star of Batsburg's? The programme was as good as could be, but the performers were old acquaintances; and, while we stormed the stage with applause after each item, all felt that Batsburg owed us a new sensation yet. It came between numbers 9 and 10—an "extra turn" which was merely slipped upon the notice-board. The band struck up a new air, a catchy thing that no one had heard, and yet, I believe, we all tried to hum it, and then into the centre of the wide strip of stage left bare in front of the back-cloth a little, ragged London *gamin* came swinging along, his hands in his pockets, and his impudent, dirty face turned to the audience with the *sang-froid* of his inimitable breed. He stood still a minute, and then, coolly looking us over, he began to shy personalities at our heads, picking us out with intimate comments that made the victims gasp before the shout of laughter proclaimed him a success.

There was no doubt about his reality—he was a true arab, apparently brought straight out of the streets, without a dab of paint on him that could be discerned, and supremely jaunty and insolent. Probably, he was one of the boys who sold bogus programmes at the side-doors of the hall, or, for a few stray coppers, sang versions of the songs to be heard inside, and Batsburg had primed him up to recognise the front rows of the audience and discourse on their private behaviour and peculiarities. Certainly, he could not have known of himself a single thing that he reeled off so glibly, interlarded with Cockney slang; but the situation was quite comprehensible when one concluded that the urchin had been coached by someone who did know. Batsburg had been amongst these people for weeks in connection with the Benefit, and, though his use of his knowledge might be in doubtful taste, there was no denying that it caught on—the stalls roared as each stinging remark, pointed by one grimy forefinger, came clearly across the footlights through the jaunty music.

Suddenly the boy began to dance a kind of double-shuffle with his bare feet, and, to the air which the band still played softly, broke into a song, introducing the names of people in front of him. His voice was a sweet, true boy's voice, but marred by that awful East-End accent, and it rang through the theatre loud and strong. Young Bracebridge of the Guards, who was sitting between Noel Verney and Mrs. Chiltern Hundreds, almost sprang upright in his seat.

"By Jove!" he said. "It's Signa!"

The house did not recognise her all at once, and the boxes apparently not at all. But even the awful presence of the Duchess

and the appalling consequences which loomed in the near future could not restrain the men. They laughed at every wicked point in the song, and when it ended and the boy nodded and sauntered off the stage they yelled to have him back again. It sounded as if the whole hall were one confused, imperious demand, and, though they did not call her by name, it was obvious that Signa was recognised. I wondered what she would do, and almost held my breath when the small, ragged figure returned for a brief moment, but only just in sight at the wings. There was a growing terror in Signa's eyes—an expression most alien to them. Either the passing of the excitement, or the realisation of her own daring, or else that clamouring audience, was terrifying her. She bowed hastily and pattered off, in spite of the cries to her to sing again. I feared the demand was too strong, and that they would force her to come back, and I turned to look round for Verney. But he had disappeared, and he was not in the Duchess's box, though I looked there with fear and trembling. Her Grace was still sitting, calm and smiling, at the front of the box; there was something ominous in her tacit refusal to recognise what everyone knew. Lady Jane's face was like a mask; I thought Lady Leamington was crying, but I could not see her plainly.

The next turn fell flat, though there was a gallant effort to applaud and carry it through. But so many of the men had vanished that it looked as if a wind had swept the stalls bare. It was fatally easy to get behind. They were waiting for Signa.

I sat out two turns; then I followed Verney. He had, as I suspected, left his place before Signa had made her bow, and was waiting for her behind. By the time I got round, the wings seemed to be full of men, chattering in excited voices, and at a little distance stood Verney, cool and rather languid, talking to Batsburg. I heard the Manager say, sulkily, "At the side-door—yes, there is a way round," and I went then and there in the direction indicated because I wanted to see the end of the comedy. There was a brougham waiting there; I stood unnoticed on the pavement until they came out—indeed, it was I who opened the carriage-door. Signa had changed her clothes rapidly, and had slipped away from her dressing-room while the men were still awaiting her in the wings. But she was

crying bitterly, and it so much surprised me that I felt the whole scene a little unreal. Verney put her into the carriage, hesitated, and stood with one foot on the step.

"Shall I come, too, Signa?" he said.

Her voice came out of the darkness, muffled.

"I am frightened, Noel!"

"At last?" he said, quietly. "Well, I am not."

"I thought it would be fun to scandalise you!"

"Do you mean that *I* was the cause this time?"

"How dare you have two thousand a year!" said Signa, irrelevantly. Neither of them noticed me.

"So you thought you would fling your independence of my opinion at me once for all, and see if I could be scared away, eh?"

"Something like that."

"Well, you cannot. Nothing could. I am going to take the onus of the affair on myself from this time forth, however, and tackle the family."

"Will you stand by me, Noel?" Signa must really have had a fright to say that!

"There shall be no occasion. They shall not dare to refer to it. Union is strength—it is you and I together now."

He jumped into the carriage, and I closed the door and told the coachman "Home," because by that time they were past thinking of anything but themselves. Lady Jane confessed afterwards that the engagement was the greatest relief she had ever known. She had feared that it would never come off, because it appears that, owing to her blundering and excellent intentions, she had caused a breach between them which Signa would not give Verney a chance to heal. Batsburg was an angel—a fat angel—in the disguise of a frock-coat, and his Benefit was the medicine that killed or cured.

The amusing part of it is that the Duchess has ignored the whole affair, and as she declined to acknowledge what everyone knows—that Signa was the sensation of the great War-Fund Benefit—she will have to go to the wedding, on which occasion Signa will make her bow and retire from her war with right and proper behaviour—for the present.

But then—Signa is not married yet!

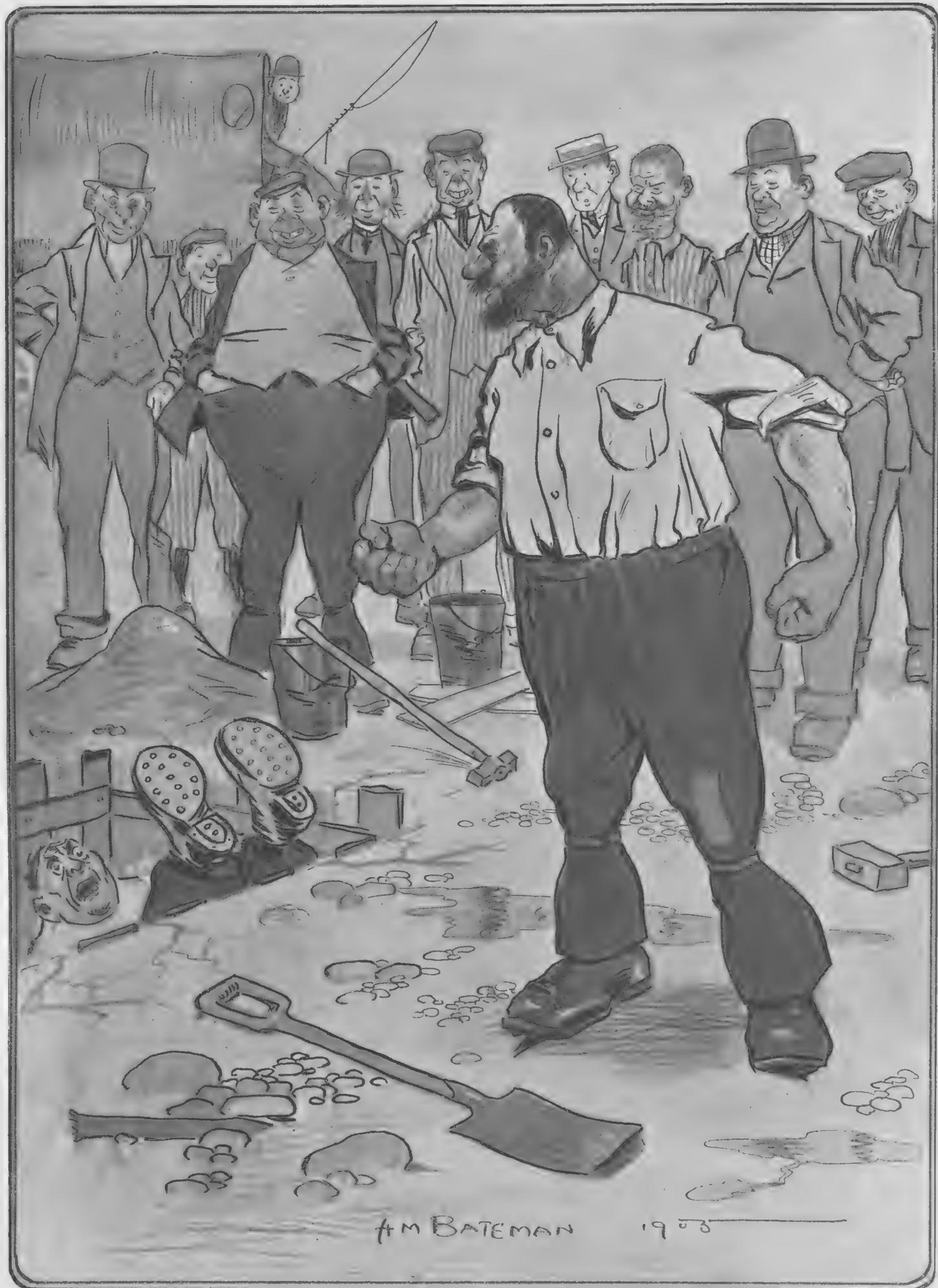


"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

"Yer know Bill Stubbs wot's in the Navy? Well, 'e's gone an' got drownded in the Sewage Canal."

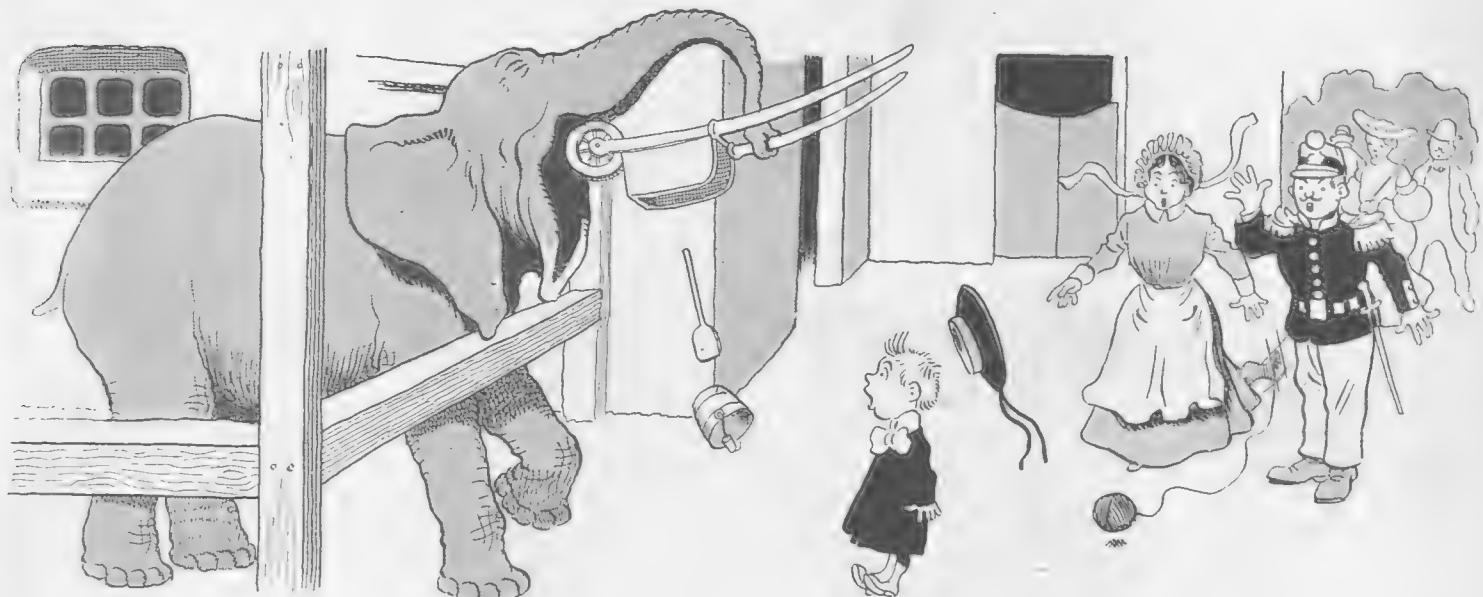
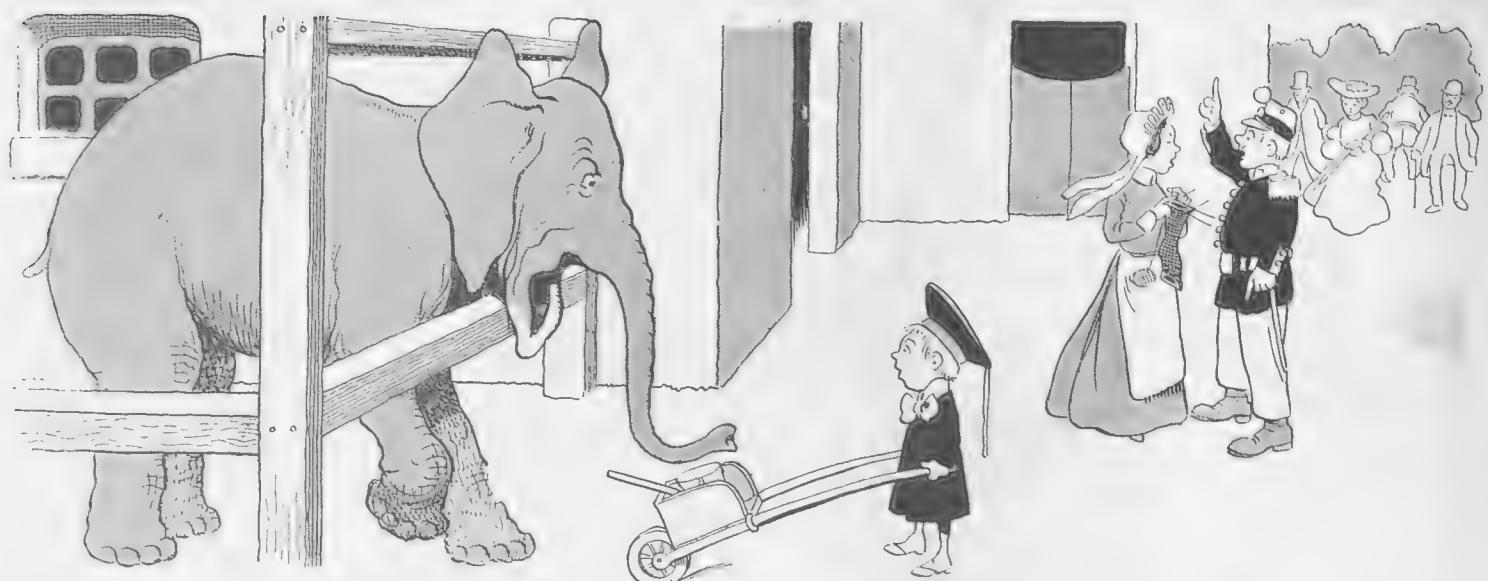
DRAWN BY GEORGE BELCHER.

WHEN FORCE TRIUMPHS OVER ART.



BURLY NAVY (to the little man who has attempted to grapple with him): Nah, then. A little less er yer joo-jitsoo. D'y'ear?

HOW THE ELEPHANT GREW NEW TUSKS.



A ZOOLOGICAL FANTASY

BY BENJAMIN RABIER.



After having been closed for several months, Terry's Theatre is about to be re-opened. It has been taken by Mr. Charles Frohman, to produce Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's comedy, "An Angel Unawares," the provincial success of which has justified immediate arrangements for bringing it to London. The date selected for it is Sept. 12, and it is hardly necessary to add that Miss Fanny Brough will appear in it, since, as was stated in *The Sketch* on the eve of its production, it was written for the express purpose of providing her with a fine part for the exploitation of her great gifts.

It was only last week that attention was drawn in this place to the fact—apropos of the success of "The Christian" in the provinces—that the verdict of London on the value of a play was by no means final. This has apparently been recognised by Mr. Alfred Smyth-Pigott and Mr. Carl F. Leyel, who, on Monday next, are starting a tour at the Coronet of Mr. J. B. Fagan's "Under which King?" which was produced with scant success at the Adelphi. It is to be preceded by "The Factory Fire," as "A Case of Arson" has been re-named. In this Mr. H. de Vries will appear, as he did both at the Royalty and the Haymarket. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine that interesting little play without him.

The return of the remains of Paul Jones to the United States has not been allowed to pass unrecognised from the theatrical point of view, for an opera bearing the name of America's so-called Pirate Admiral is underlined for immediate production in Chicago. Such topical interest is, naturally, almost impossible in London, where, several years ago, it will probably be remembered, we did have a Paul Jones comic opera, in which Miss Alice Huntington was the "star."

The success of Miss Claudia Lasell in "Peggy Machree" in the provinces has been striking, and she has won hands down, to use a familiar expression. That her singing should have created a sensation is, perhaps, not wonderful under the circumstances, since she is one of the few singers of opera who have gone on the musical-comedy stage, for she has appeared at the Opéra-Comique in Paris with great success. It was, indeed, while she was singing there that Mr. Frohman heard her and was so struck with her talent that he engaged her to play in "La Petite Bohème" when he produces it in London at Easter. Not having anything for her immediately, an arrangement was made by which she took up her present engagement, though one of the most prominent London managers and an equally prominent American manager were anxious to secure her services. Miss Lasell comes of an old Boston family, and studied first under Madame Marchesi and then under Mr. Frank King Clark in Paris. She is devoted to all sorts of exercise, is an accomplished fencer and boxer, and rides with as much skill as she drives a motor-car. Among the songs introduced by her into "Peggy Machree" are "The Runaway" and "Sun-dial Shadows," both of

which have been written specially for her by M. Henri Hirschmann, the composer of "La Petite Bohème."

Mr. Charles Frohman has decided to send out two Companies with "Leah Kleschna," as he did with "Sherlock Holmes," one playing the Southern half of the kingdom and the other the Northern. The former starts at Eastbourne on Monday, and is headed by Mr. Robert Pateman, who plays Kleschna, with Miss Elaine Inescort as Leah, while the Northern Company starts at Scarborough on Sept. 4, with Miss Maud Hoffmann in Miss Lena Ashwell's part, Mr. Cooper Cliffe as Kleschna, and Mr. Julian Royce, who has for so long been identified with Sherlock Holmes, in the character of Paul Sylvaine, now being played by Mr. Leonard Boyne.



A HIGHWAYMAN'S WEAPON AS A MUSIC-HALL PROPERTY: DICK TURPIN'S PISTOL, WHICH IS NOW BEING USED IN THE SKETCH "DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK."

The pistol here shown, which is making nightly appearance as a property in Mr. Fred Ginnett's equestrian spectacle, "Dick Turpin's Ride to York; or, The Death of Bonnie Black Bess," is said to have been the actual property of the famous highwayman. It was found by a workman engaged in pulling down the "Old Plough" at Ealing, an inn which is known to have been one of Turpin's haunts, and which was kept by his grandfather. The pistol bears the initials "D. T." and the date "1737."

Next Monday and on each of the two following Mondays favourite London actors start their provincial tours, so that the theatrical season will soon be in full swing throughout the whole of the country. The most notable of the starters on the earliest of these days is Mr. Cyril Maude, who will then inaugurate his

career as an actor-manager on his own account, appearing as Captain Barley in "Beauty and the Barge," which will be supplemented, as it was at the New and Haymarket Theatres, by "That Brute Simmons." On Sept. 4, Miss Marie Tempest begins a fifteen weeks' tour, with "The Freedom of Suzanne," at the Alexandra

Theatre, Stoke Newington, and on the same evening Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks start a tour of similar length, with "The Catch of the Season," at Douglas, Isle of Man. On Sept. 11, Miss Ellen Terry becomes head of the "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" Company for fourteen weeks. Alice will, however, have a new daughter, in the person of the brilliantly clever Miss Hilda Trevelyan, in place of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and a new husband, for Mr. Philip Cunningham will succeed Mr. Aubrey Smith.

Is the present season going to usher in a new order of things, in which our plays are to be distinguished by the shortness of the cast? In "Lucky Miss Dean" we have seen the three Acts of intrigue carried on by only six people, while in "The White Chrysanthemum," the musical comedy which is to succeed it at the Criterion, there are only eight people, and no chorus at all. In "On the Love Path," at the Haymarket, the actors only "go one better," for there are nine, and in "An Angel Unawares" there are fewer still.



LONDON'S LATEST SOCIETY-ENTERTAINER: MISS CLARA ALEXANDER.

Miss Alexander, who was born at a cotton-plantation on the banks of the Mississippi, has made most successful appearances this season at fashionable London At-Homes, delineating negro character by song and story. It is likely that she will be seen at a West-End theatre in the autumn, reciting and singing in the place of the customary curtain-raiser.

Photograph by Harrison, 4, Onslow Place, South Kensington.

mean not only small salary-lists, but small travelling-expenses, with again the possibility of making both ends meet on receipts which would otherwise preclude a continuance of the performances.

KEY-NOTES

ONE often feels, in reading about busy American musical doings, that we in England are not really as sensitively in touch as we ought to be with the work that is being done for the cause of music in that great country. It is certainly not the fault of the United States, in its musical character, for through many media we are informed of the artistic activities which are constantly being set in motion across the Atlantic. Our attitude is the result of a supineness which must surely come from our insularity. Take America from the point of view of its critics alone. Things are made pretty lively for them, for the attacks usually come from various points within their own circle, and come also with no blunted weapons. What the *Tribune* thinks of the *Courier*, what Mr. A. of the *Argus* thinks of Mr. C. of the *Herald*—such little points as these are expressed in no uncertain terms; yet, oddly enough, like the innocent people in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," "nobody seems a penny the worse." Mr. Finck, for example, pursues the "ancient tenor of his way" (in acknowledgment to American spelling, we do not write "tenour"), and Mr. Finck is held up to the friendliest execration.

Mr. Philip Hale rules his roost like a second Jove, and ignores the multitude. Mr. Huneker pulsates with passion, and discovers the glint of a scarlet petticoat in a polonaise by Chopin—readers will remember the reign of the fashionable polonaise; while Worcester (U.S.A.) seems for ever to be giving Musical Festivals, and upon Connecticut galaxies of musical talent are for ever alighting; while, for the English artist on tour, the Pacific coast seems to be strewn with the glory of the dollar. Yet how many English people know these things? Why is there not to hand a musical Major Pond who, upon a new Magic Carpet, will whisk a select coterie of London musical critics to the harmonious centres of the United States? That Sir Alexander Mackenzie should have made a triumphant tour—not, indeed, in the States, but in Canada, the verdict of which may, however, be taken as a Transatlantic opinion—that Elgar should have been received with so great an enthusiasm everywhere on his American tour, proves that it is possible for notable American artists to attempt success elsewhere than in their own country—even in England. One can recollect the names of Horatio Parker and of MacDowell—that charming writer of many most personal songs—who have become quite popular over here; but, apart from these names, though the musician can recall many others of high merit, American composers are not known with any precision by the man in the street.

Apropos of the reference just made to the appreciation given by Canadian audiences to Sir Alexander Mackenzie's tour, it is interesting to record the name of Mr. Charles A. Harriss, who was chiefly instrumental in organising that musician's very successful expedition

some two years ago. For Mr. Harriss is at the present moment paying a brief visit to London, with the object of arranging no less monumental an affair than a Canadian Festival Concert in London. Mr. Harriss proposes that the Festival Concert shall take place some time during the May of next year. It may be hoped that a Festival of the kind will have a genuinely popular and artistic success in London. Londoners are proverbially shy of novelty; but it is wonderful, now and then, to find how quick they are to appreciate, as it were in a flash, something of exceptional excellence, of unmistakable merit.

Mr. Harriss, however, is not only an organiser, he is also a musician himself—though criticism must perchance be silent before his work has been personally tested. Two Choral works from his pen will be forthcoming on the occasion of this Festival, the first, "Coronation Mass: Edward VII.," which, be it said, was specially composed for the "British Festival Tour," and "A Choric Idyll," entitled "Pan," which was written for the Farewell State Concert given by Lord and Lady Minto last autumn in Ottawa. The title, "A Choric Idyll," sounds original enough; let us hope that the music may be as original without any sacrifice of musical beauty, for musical beauty in its simpler forms (as, doubtless, should be the case in any "Choric Idyll") must follow fixed formulas. Now, musical beauty, when Richard Strauss writes a "Domestic Symphony," or Elgar writes a "Lux Mundi"—but that is emphatically another story. We look forward with interest, however, to this Canadian Festival Concert, though its date seems far distant.

Whatever critical folk may have said concerning the likelihood of but a brief triumph for Miss Marie Hall, there is one test, at all events, which seems to contradict any such possibility. She is about to embark upon a Canadian and American tour—Canada and the United States seem really to have a great deal to do with the prosperity of English musicians—which is to last for the space of five months. During that period she will receive, so we learn, no less a sum than £10,000. There is just a possibility, of course, that

some mistake has been made in the transmission of news, and that 10,000 dollars more nearly hits the mark. But if the larger sum is definitely confirmed as a fact—and it seems almost incredible—then the comment made by a contemporary critic can alone bring us to some appreciation of the relative money-values to the world of a star fiddler and the combination of a Prime Minister and a Lord Chief Justice; for her income *pro rata* scarcely falls short of the joint salaries, *per* five months, of these distinguished officials.

Kubelik is touring through Welsh and English watering-places. It may be said that this will be proof positive as to whether Dolphins do or do not hover around our coast.

COMMON CHORD.

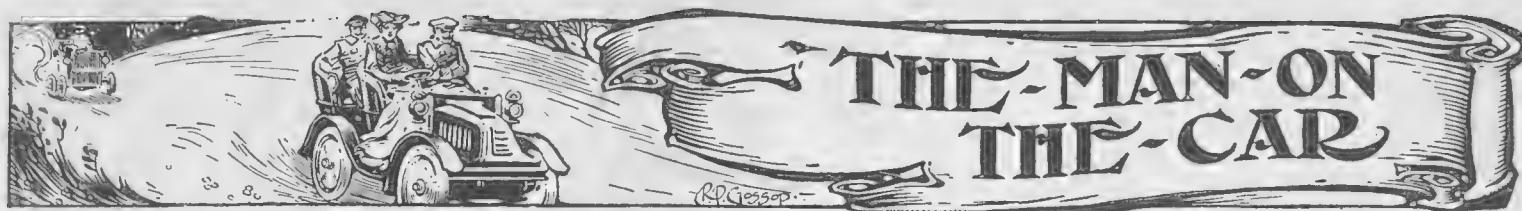


A PLAYER AT LADY DUDLEY'S CONCERT TO-MORROW (THE 24TH):
MME. BEATRICE LANGLEY.

Madame Langley has had a considerable professional career. She is the daughter of a distinguished officer, and showed her great musical gift at a very early age. One of the first to recognise her genius was the Princess of Wales, who has a great admiration for her playing. Madame Langley is well known in Greater Britain; she has played both in Canada and in South Africa, and during the Season is constantly heard at those parties honoured by the presence of Royalty.

Photograph by G. Denney and Co.

Apropos of the reference just made to the appreciation given by Canadian audiences to Sir Alexander Mackenzie's tour, it is interesting to record the name of Mr. Charles A. Harriss, who was chiefly instrumental in organising that musician's very successful expedition



MOTORISTS AND THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE"—THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON MOTORING—A SPECIAL STRETCH OF ROAD—THE TOURIST TROPHY COMPETITION—A NEW WHEEL ON TRIAL—THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE MOTOR-CAR ACTS.

THE Motor Volunteers and the private members of the Automobile Club, or some of them, seized the slight opportunity offered them of taking part in the celebration of the *Entente Cordiale*. The Admiralty concluded that the officers of the French Fleet would enjoy a sight of English river-life as it is to be seen between Maidenhead and Cookham on the bosom of Father Thames, and, with admirable forethought, asked the Motor Volunteers and the Club to provide automobile transport for the nation's guests between Northumberland Avenue and Skindles. Over seventy cars were brought by their owners on Sunday, 13th inst., and the opportunity was taken of showing our friends of the Northern Squadron the beauties of Hyde, Richmond, Bushey, and Windsor Parks, with a side-glance at Hampton Court Palace. The drive was much enjoyed by both hosts and guests, and, by all evidences, it appeared that for once, at all events, the police had agreed to give their regular duties proper attention and leave the motorists alone. Certainly I have not heard of any driver conveying French officers being cited to appear before any of the Surrey, Middlesex, or Berkshire Benches. The time allowed for the run by My Lords made infractions of the law imperative!

The Royal Commission which is to sit, take evidence, and report upon motoring generally does not boast a single prominent automobilist. To my mind, this is hardly dealing as fairly with the whole question as automobilists have a right to expect, particularly the trade or industrial side, where the hugely increasing and valuable industry is borne in mind. To hold an even judgment in matters such as automobilism, some practical knowledge of and experience in the subject is necessary, and in the composition of this Commission one looks for the member of practical knowledge in vain. However, there is comfort in remembrance of the fact that causes were never won or lost by the pronouncement of Royal Commissions.

Whatever road authority is responsible for a section of specially made road found about a mile east of the point where the Great Western main-line crosses the Bath Road just before Maidenhead is reached has more or less—rather more than less—solved the dust question. On the day when the French naval officers were motored from London to Maidenhead, the Bath Road, as a whole, yielded clouds of dust to every passing car; but as soon as the vehicles reached this specially laid stretch the dust-cloud dropped as if by magic. Viewed from a point a hundred yards or so back from the road, the contrast was really quite extraordinary. This piece of experimental surfacing has now been down for quite twelve months,

and, as the surface is perfectly smooth to-day, it may be said that it has 'withstood' the heavy market-garden and traction-engine traffic splendidly.

The entries for the Tourist Trophy Competition, to be decided over the Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Course in the Isle of Man next month, closed last week, with a total of fifty-eight cars. Just how this huge entry is to be treated in one day is a problem which the Automobile Club officials have got to solve, and, so far as can be seen at present, the solution bristles with difficulties. Opinions as to the ultimate value of this competition differ widely, some experts regarding it as everything that it should be, while others assert that it will be provocative of nothing but freaks, and that the successful cars will never prove commercial vehicles. A well-known French maker, when requested by his English agent to turn out two cars which would comply with the requirements of the trial, replied that he would build two such cars for the competition, but that he would never be required to build more for sale to the public.

The Hallé spring-wheel is the first device of its kind to be submitted to a Club-observed test. A 20-horse-power Wolseley car, running on four Hallé spring-wheels, is now engaged in a 4,000-miles trial-run, the car being driven from 150 to 160 miles every day until the total distance is completed. The spring-wheels are shod with solid rubber tyres, and although hardly so comfortable as pneumatics, approach them very nearly. They are constructed on principles widely different from those previously adopted, and own as their inventor no less a person than the son of the late Sir Charles Hallé, the eminent musician, who, it will be remembered, married Madame Norman-Neruda. It is more than a feather in Mr. Hallé's cap to say that such eminently practical people as Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have acquired the sole selling rights of these wheels.

The amendments to the Motor-Car Acts proposed by the Motor Union, and to be urged upon the Motor Commission, are the abolition of all arbitrary speed-limits, the endorsement of licences for serious offences only, right of appeal irrespective of the amount of the penalty, seven days' notice of proceedings, payment of all fines for motor offences into a fund to be devoted to the widening and improvement of highways, discretionary—and not compulsory—use of horn, and general trade identification-marks, to be available for all trade or purchasing trials. If these amendments become law, the lot of the automobilist will be considerably improved and the public more completely protected.



THE CONTESTS FOR THE HERKOMER TROPHY: PROFESSOR HERKOMER AND HIS WIFE WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS.

The contests for the Herkomer trophy began with an exhibition of the competing cars in Munich, a special feature being made of the carriage-work of the competitors. The exhibition was followed by a hill-climb at Kesselberg, and by various speed-trials, including a three days' tour through Southern Germany.

Photograph by C. Delius.

Sir Charles Hallé, the eminent musician, who, it will be remembered, married Madame Norman-Neruda. It is more than a feather in

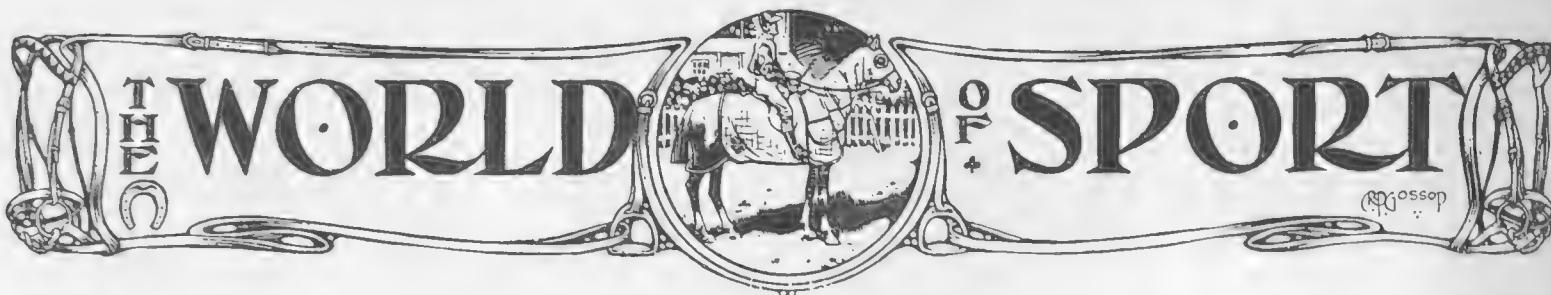
Mr. Hallé's cap to say that such eminently practical people as Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have acquired the sole selling rights of these wheels.



A POWER-TESTING PASS: THE SERPENTINE ROAD ACROSS THE SPLUGA WHICH HAS JUST BEEN TRAVERSED BY A MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by A. Croce.

purposes, and not only legal for tests, these amendments become law, the lot of the automobilist will be considerably improved and the public more completely protected.



FUTURES—THE KING'S HORSES—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—THE STARTING-GATE—THE ST. LEGER.

THE Stockton Meeting will be a brilliant affair this year, this being the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the present course. Before 1855, and commencing in 1842, Stockton races were held at Tibbersley, and as far back as 1797 the meeting was held on the Carrs, Stockton-on-Tees. The Jubilee is to be commemorated by a race called the Stockton Races Jubilee Cup of 750 sovs. (a piece of plate value 100 sovs., the rest in specie), of which 300 sovs is contributed by the Jockey Club. It is really a glorified Jockey Club Plate, and will produce a much more interesting contest than that kind of event generally does. The race closed on May 2 with fifty-one entries, and His Majesty took a nomination for Mead. The better of Mr. Sol Joel's pair (Bachelor's Button and St. Denis) or Glenaway should win, although Shilfa ran well enough behind Costly Lady at Brighton to give her a chance. Other winners at the meeting may be Sarcelle and Polymelus. At Hurst Park the attractions are the August Two-Year-Old Plate and the Lennox Plate. Succory may win the former and Ritchie the latter race. York is the third meeting of the Northern Circuit, and the Race Committee have, for years been hampered by some of the Town officials in their efforts to maintain the gathering. The Prince of Wales's Plate may go to Albert Hall (who ran very well behind Succory at Lewes) or Colonia, the Yorkshire Oaks to Costly Lady, and the Great Ebor Handicap to Bitters or Golden Méasure.

The King's racehorses are a very moderate lot this year; in fact, His Majesty has not had a really good horse since Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Florizel II. A good deal was expected of Mead and Chatsworth, but, although the former has won races, it cannot be pretended that either of the brothers is worthy of his lineage. Chatsworth has a heavily timbered frame that tries his legs severely, and he could only be sent along with any safety when the ground was soft. Later in the year, he might have picked up a small race or two to earn something towards His Majesty's heavy forfeit-bill, but, the possible reward not being worth the anxiety of keeping him in training, he is advertised to be sold. The three-year-olds seem to be even more moderate, and, unless the two-year-olds show racing merit, it is to be feared that the King will have a bad year. At the beginning of the season, Marsh, the King's trainer, had sixty-nine horses in his stables, and the majority of them have yet to earn something towards their keep. Mead, Red Robe, Jupiter Pluvius, Golden Gleam, Perroquet, Gorgos, Dinan, Atlas,

instruction as well as entertainment. To begin with, the Gimcrack Stakes at York contains the names of Admirable Crichton, Bill-of-the-Play, Black Arrow, Colonia, and Nero, the latter having a very tall "private" reputation. Should that lot go to the post (with the exception, of course, of either Black Arrow or Colonia, in the same ownership), the race would be worth going a long way to see.



A ROYAL HUNTSMAN'S BAG: A RESULT OF ONE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN'S HUNTING-PARTIES.

Photograph by Michelson.

Admirable Crichton and Black Arrow would command most attention, I have no doubt. The pair can meet again in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and also in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates at Newmarket. In the last-named races, the name of Bill-of-the-Play also crops up, in addition to Pipistrello, own brother to Flying Fox, whose débüt is awaited with much interest.

The starting-gate question, like the poor, is always with us, and it is likely to remain so long as the present rules regulating the starting of races are in force. It is no new thing for me to refer to this matter, and one or two recent fiascos prompt me to take it up once more. Few will disagree with me when I state that the present system of starting is better than the old, bad flag-system. But whether they do or no, the fact remains that a long experience of racing both out-of-doors and in newspaper-offices teaches me that we are better off with the gate. I took my stand for it years before it was adopted, and I see no reason at all for its abolition. So, then, we have moved forward. Having done so, the next thing is to go forward again. In the old days, before the gate was heard of, horses were started from a walk. Why, then, expect thoroughbreds to nose up quietly to the tapes and await orders? Once again let me advocate the chalk-line, say, twenty yards away from the gate, up to which the horses should be walked. Perfection can only be attained by experiments, and it is because of some unsatisfactory experiences lately that I again bring the subject under notice.

The St. Leger, despite the fact that it promises to be one of the most interesting in history, has excited practically no betting yet. One or two small wagers have been made in the Clubs, but they amount to practically nothing. In what market does exist there seems to be a desire to oppose Val d'Or, but this may be wholly attributable to the fact that M. E. Blanc, the owner of the French colt, does not make up his mind until a few days before a race as to what course he is going to pursue. Cherry Lass romped away with a race at Goodwood from a moderate opponent, and demonstrated by the manner in which she went that she is doing well. Cicero, who is, I think, likely to win the Eclipse Stakes from Val d'Or, was eased for a day or two after his Sandown defeat, but he is now going on all right with his St. Leger preparation. He is a game, high-class colt, and a rare sticker, and will have the best jockey in the world on his back. I see no reason for changing my opinion that Cicero will carry the Rosebery hoops home to the accompaniment of the Yorkshire roar.

CAPTAIN COE.



ON AN AFRICAN OSTRICH-FARM: A PAIR OF THE BIRDS, WITH NEST AND EGGS.

Photograph supplied by T. Shaw, Stockport.

and Lady Cadeby filly have been seen under winning colours, but for a stable of such dimensions the record is a disappointing one.

Events that look most interesting in the book of Races to Come have a habit of petering out into tame affairs, but there is reason to hope that the crack two-year-old races of the year will provide

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AMONGST the many things they do better in France is, undoubtedly, the arrangement of the annual holiday and the completeness with which *Jacques Bonhomme et sa famille* are catered for at every place of amusement. About the Casino, which centralises all gaiety, crowds ebb and flow ceaselessly, and with reason. Concerts, both afternoon and evening, where Madame can take her work-bag and, at the same time, regale her ears with well-rendered music; the "little horses" at which francs can be imperilled and lost *ad lib.*; a verandahed restaurant where coffee or a "petit verre" is possible in sight and sound of the wavelets; on certain evenings (alternating with classical concerts), "Le Bal," at which, failing other partners, girls dance contentedly with each other on an excellent floor to the well-timed music of the orchestra—all this the Casino liberally provides, besides the added attraction of a card-club for the more moneyed folk, where baccarat and chemin-de-fer provide excitement, though not always satisfaction, to those who to gamble are inclined.

Talking of dancing, one is impressed by the grace and restraint which is practised abroad in contrast to the violent and vulgar antics into which the "poetry of motion" has degenerated in England. Ball-room bouncings, consisting mainly of Kitchen Lancers, cake-walks, the barn-dance, and other high-kicking varieties of Transatlantic gymnastics, have dragged dancing down from its once artistic eminence of pavane, minuet, coranto, and stately quadrille to an affair more worthy of South Sea Islanders than civilised Anglo-Saxons; so much so that the Imperial Society of Dance-Teachers, recognising the

the stately grace of old." Modern middle-class Maffickers who bounce about at suburban subscription-dances and "reverse" with outstretched arm or elbow, to the personal injuries of their fellow-subjects, cannot easily, one thinks, come under the refining influences of the minuet (again to be re-established). Still, any



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL CLOAK.

movement that makes for a more graceful and refined method of dancing than that which now prevails is certainly to be praised and encouraged; and one cannot help hoping the "I.S.D.T." will carry its resolutions and evolutions to their fitting conclusions.

From the employers' point of view, one is glad to notice that the day of the bogus registry office is doomed, and that on and after Jan. 1 next the County Council Act makes provision for punishing with heavy fines all the misdemeanours which these institutions have boldly committed so long. Especially does the Act provide retribution for the dishonest agency which takes fees in advance and then fails to find servants. Of this sort many still flourish, but I have in my mind's eye the timely extinction of one or two agencies which trade on the difficulties of employers by taking payment without rendering the services for which they are paid, and, when remonstrated with, merely add insolence to dishonesty. The servant question, moreover, will never be satisfactorily settled until mistresses give a little more supervision than now to their household affairs and domestics. The race of good servants, which we are told became extinct forty years ago, was merely the result of the mistresses' constant and, one should add, kindly teaching. Nowadays we all take life at such a hard gallop that domesticities are somewhat shelved, and greater responsibilities, as a consequence, are laid on servants than their upbringing at all warrants. The *Q.E.D.* of which is that those who want things really well done must take the pains which *only* bring about such desirable results.

Women who are over for Horse-Show Week, as well as the charming natives of "dear, dirty Dublin," so famous for their beautiful



[Copyright.]

AN ELEGANT COSTUME FOR THE CASINO.

deplorable condition of the modern ball-room, met together the other day at the Hotel Cecil, and, after divers grave discourses, decided that Kitchen Lancers, cake-walk, barn-dance, and other such abominations be struck off the list of teachable dances and banished down the back-stairs with ignominy; also that young England be trained not alone to dance, but to walk and bow as its grandfathers did—"with

complexions, are equally alive to the advantage of having Madame Pomeroy in their midst, and 39, Grafton Street, has been one distinct centre of attraction all this week. Electrolysis and electrical hair-brushing are now additional features of the Irish establishment, and there has been a great vogue in Madame Pomeroy's famous skin-food and liquid-powder, both so invaluable in keeping the complexion soft and clear in this hot weather.

I have just been discoursing on the virtues of our dear, departed grandmothers, and that their attributes and attainments shine brightly in contrast to our degenerate selves I am more than ever convinced since making acquaintance with the "Dalli" box-iron, a new and perfect invention for ironing and pressing fine linens, laces, and what not. The "Dalli" box-iron is hygienic, in that it gives off no noxious charcoal-fumes and requires neither the heat of stove nor the odour of gas. It is ready for use in a few minutes, having its own internal grid and fuel-blocks. It is easy and simple to use. It costs extremely little—something like a halfpenny an hour—and possesses all the virtues which it is possible to accumulate in a perfect iron.

When one reflects, therefore, on the renowned clear-starching and ironing and "goffering" of early and pre-Victorian days (whatever the expression means), and contrasts the pains and delicate labour of our forebears with the self-contained completeness of the "Dalli," it is to wonder more than ever at the painstaking powers of those old-time folk and the trouble-saving comforts and conveniences of our own easier times.

SYBIL.

We are asked to say that Miss Ethel Barrymore has not yet been married, as we stated in

A REPLICA OF THE HISTORIC "MAURICE PICKERING" CUP.

The original of the cup here shown, which is a very fine example of the silversmith's craft in the pure Elizabethan style, belongs to the Westminster City Council. The replica has been made by Messrs. Elkington and Co., 22, Regent Street, S.W., to the order of Canon Duckworth, who has presented it to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The Sketch recently. Miss Barrymore sailed for America a few days ago, and her wedding is not likely to take place before the beginning of next year, probably in New York.

The problem of how to admit employés into partnership benefits in a manufacturing business has been solved by Messrs. John Knight and Sons, soapmakers to the King, who, as the result of a year's trading, have just handed the whole of their staff a bonus amounting to three weeks' extra wages. On the recommendation of the Managing Directors, it was arranged that a division of profits beyond a fair percentage as return on capital should be made. The latter was fixed at six per cent., and the result is the bonus already mentioned. The same firm has just given eight hundred of its employés their annual picnic, taking them to Havering Hills, and providing for them dinner and tea, music, and numerous games.

The increasing interest in the *entente cordiale* has induced Messrs. Dean and Dawson, of 82, Strand, W.C., to arrange a special cheap fare to Boulogne for the benefit of residents in the Midlands and the North. For the return trip from Manchester and district the fare is 18s. 6d., and from Sheffield, Nottingham, and Leicester the fare is proportionately low. Thirteen hours will be given in Boulogne on the 26th of the month, a time made possible by the co-operation of the Great Central and the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Companies, who will run the trains by their direct line, thus avoiding the crossing of London. The Great Western Railway is also running, in conjunction with Dean and Dawson, a similar cheap trip from Birmingham and district.

Those who intend to visit Folkestone for the races should note the special opportunities afforded by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company. Among other facilities, the Company is to run a first-class-only Club-train, the fare by which, including admission to the Course and Reserved Enclosure on the day of issue only, will be 20s. Without admission, the cost will be 8s. This train will leave Charing Cross at 10.55 and 11.10 on August 23rd and 24th.



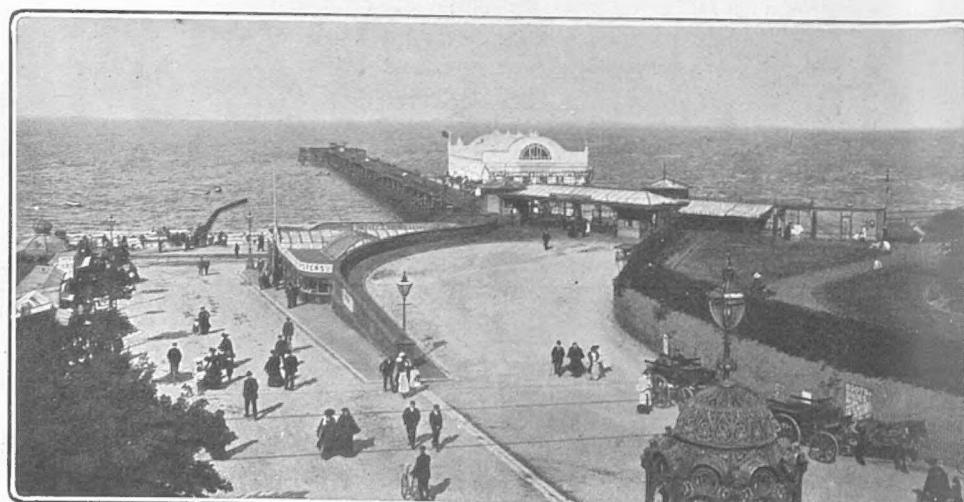
Many members of English Society have hastened to write and telegraph enquiries to Biarritz as to the condition of Baron von Rammingen, who is best known as the husband of Princess Frederika of Hanover. He is a pleasant, cultivated man, who, when he and his Royal wife had a suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, went out a great deal in London. The marriage of the Baron—her late father's secretary—and of Princess Frederika was a great romance. It is an open secret that the match aroused the most furious opposition in the bride's family, but she had a powerful friend in Queen Victoria. The wedding actually took place at Windsor Castle, and the late Sovereign "mothered" the bride. Baron von Rammingen and the Princess have a beautiful villa at Biarritz, where they play a great rôle in the British colony. They are most kind and hospitable, and the news of the Baron's serious carriage accident has been hailed by a large circle with the greatest regret.

Immediately after its successful production, there were rumours that the Sherborne Pageant would be brought to London, in order that its beauties might be seen and appreciated by an even larger audience than witnessed it in its home. This, however, will not occur. As a matter of fact, it cannot be performed out of Sherborne; but those whose curiosity was excited by the photographs of the tableaux which appeared in all the illustrated papers will be able to gratify it next year, for it will be revived, or rather continued, there, next June. If it were ultimately decided to make it a quinquennial or decennial festival, it would in time develop a prestige akin to those Continental open-air productions which attract the tourist from all parts of the world. Hitherto we have lacked the necessary energy to do this sort of thing. Why do we not acquire that energy?

Four performances a day having, after a thorough trial, been found to cost too heavy a strain on the stage department of the Coliseum by giving too little time for rehearsals, the first programme has been eliminated, so that Mr. Stoll's magnificent house is now open only three times a day. In any case, it is to be feared that so early a performance as one at noon is out of keeping with the genius of the nation, for it is only under exceptional circumstances that the public can be got to prepare to go to a theatre during the morning; and even then it can be only a comparatively limited number of people who have the time or the inclination for going to what is really a matinée.

The Cunard Steamship Company's famous twin-screw steamer *Carpathia* is to sail from Liverpool on the 14th of October for a special trip to Trieste and Fiume, via Gibraltar and Naples. The greater portion of the voyage will lie in the sunny waters of the Mediterranean; whilst the Adriatic, with its little-known Dalmatian Archipelago, also offers special attractions.

When the French Assembly passed its famous law against religious bodies, the Carthusians were refused registration, and have accordingly migrated to Tarragona, where they have recommenced the production of a liqueur in every respect equal to the "Chartreuse" made by them at their old monastery. Since they left France, however, there has been placed on the market another liqueur, with which the old brand might be confused. To avoid this possible confusion, the monks have now issued a new mark, which clearly indicates that their liqueur



A POPULAR EAST COAST RESORT: THE SEA-FRONT, THE PROMENADE, THE PIER, AND THE PAVILION, AT CLEETHORPES.

Thanks in very great measure to the enterprise of the Great Central Railway Company, which undertook its development some years ago, Cleethorpes, which is situated at the mouth of the Humber and enjoys to the full the bracing breezes of the German Ocean, is gaining an ever-increasing popularity. Amongst its many attractions are a fine promenade, three colonnades, an excellent beach and sands, a pier and garden, a concert-hall, a sea-bathing establishment, a circus, a theatre of varieties, and golf-links. It will thus be seen that it cannot possibly come under the list of those towns in which it is said insufficient amusement is provided for visitors. The boating is excellent, well-appointed steamers go on various sea-trips, and the neighbourhood has numerous pleasant drives.

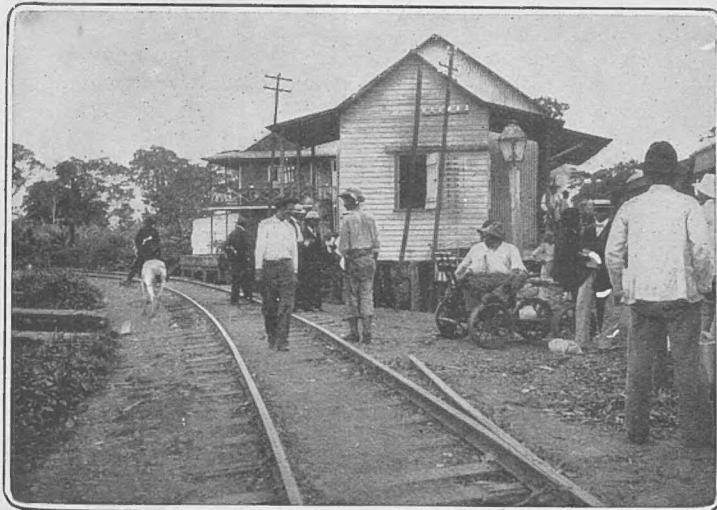
is made at Tarragona by the Pères Chartreux, and at the foot of this label is a certificate, signed by Messrs. Rivière and Co., certifying the genuineness of the brand. It is hardly necessary to add that the monks alone possess the secret of the process under which "Chartreuse" has been manufactured for so many years.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

LOOKING ROUND.

PEACE, as we write, still trembles in the balance, just as it did a week ago. Stock Exchange business is by no means bad, in the circumstances. Money being plentiful, some of the investment departments are fairly active, for August, while the speculative investments of the Foreign Railway, Trunk, and Foreign Bond market are attracting an amount of attention that augurs well



A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.

for what may come when people return from holiday-making. Argentine Land shares of all descriptions have been rushed up at a tremendous pace, and our correspondent "Q," whose final instalment upon Trust Companies appears below, writes a brief appreciation of Argentine Land 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference (then about 44), adding also a recommendation of Waihi Gold shares. About both undertakings we hope to be able to publish notes from "Q." shortly. Kaffirs are stagnant, not even assisted by the issue of a useful little half-crown book called "Round the Rand," by Mr. J. W. Broomhead, published by the *Financial Times*. It contains much carefully selected information and some very illuminating tables.

We reproduce two pictures of interest to those who have a fancy for Costa Rica Railway shares or the succulent fruit that provides the railway with so great a part of its traffic. It may be noticed that Costa Rica shares have hardened a little in sympathy with the rise in other Foreign Railway issues.

FINANCIAL TRUSTS.—III.

In continuance of my remarks on Financial Trust Companies, I give to-day some particulars of three Companies which are paying well, and should do even better in future. These are the Industrial and General Trust Company, the Investment Trust Corporation, and the River Plate and General Investment Trust. The following are the returns from these stocks—

	Price.	Dividend.	Return per cent.
Industrial and General ..	115	5 per cent.	£4 7 0
Investment Trust Deferred ..	155	8 "	£5 3 3
River Plate and General ..	96	5 "	£5 4 0

1.—It will be noticed that the return on the Industrial and General Unified Stock is less than that given by the other stocks I have mentioned. The reason for the comparatively high price of this stock is, no doubt, the general belief that the dividend will be raised very shortly to 5½ or 6 per cent. The Board of this Company are pursuing a policy which, so far as I know, is unique in Trust Company finance—namely, they are setting aside a considerable part of the profits and income each year, and investing it in Trustee securities. At the end of last year the amount so accumulated amounted to £150,000. There is something to be said for this policy, but there is also a good deal to be said against it—at least, if it be carried too far. One expects an able Board, such as the Industrial and General possesses, to be able to do something better with their money than put it into Trustee stocks, a thing which any ordinary investor is quite capable of doing for himself; and it is not quite clear why a Trust Company which does not run the risks of an ordinary trading Company requires a Reserve Fund so invested. At any rate, it is to be hoped that in future the Board will be content to allow the Reserve Fund to accumulate at compound interest, and will distribute the remainder of the income of the Trust among the stockholders. If this is done, an immediate increase of the dividend should be possible, and in forty years the Reserve Fund will amount to £500,000. To continue the present policy much further would be to carry conservatism to excess, and unfairly to the present generation of stockholders. The Company's capital is intact, it has a good and improving list of holdings, and should have a prosperous future. The income and dividend for the last four years have been: 1901, income £90,750, dividend 5 per cent.; 1902, income £92,929, dividend 5 per cent.; 1903, income £97,763, dividend 5 per cent.; 1904, income £96,932, dividend 5 per cent.

2.—The income of the Investment Trust Corporation increases steadily year by year, and with it the dividend on the Deferred stock, which has naturally reached a very high premium. The Deferred stock is in an exceptionally favourable position, because there is only £520,000 of it, out of a total capital of £2,600,000, and the Debenture and Preferred stock, which rank before it, only receive 4 per cent. The Company does not publish its list of securities, but, having gone through them, I can personally vouch for their excellence. They consist largely of American Railroad Bonds. The figures for the last four years are: 1901, income £135,553, dividend 7 per cent.; 1902, income £137,421, dividend 7½ per cent.; 1903, income £137,770, dividend 7½ per cent.; 1904, income £142,847, dividend 8 per cent.

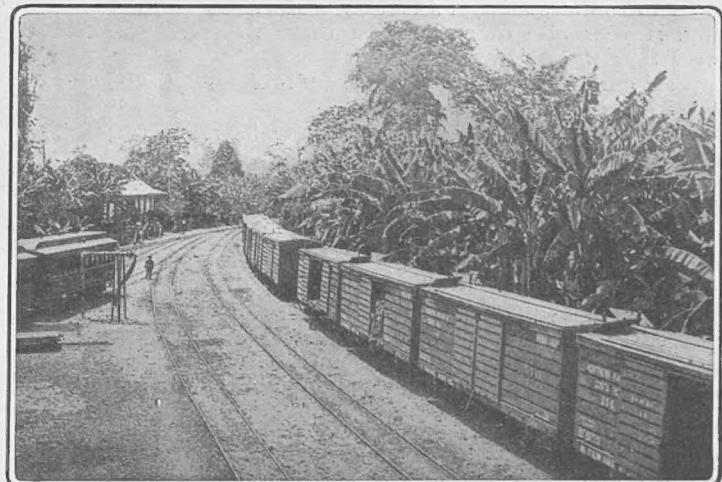
3.—The actual dividend paid last year by the River Plate and General Trust was 4½ per cent., but the interim dividend recently declared for the current year was at the rate of 4 per cent. as against 3 per cent. last year, and this, of course, means that the dividend for the whole year will be at least 5 per cent. Formed in 1888, there was at one time a depreciation of as much as 35 per cent. in the value of the Company's assets. How steadily the Company has improved its position may be judged from the fact that in a period of ten years, with a capital of only £500,000, the assets have increased in value by over £200,000. The figures for the last four years are: 1901, income £23,626, dividend 3½ per cent.; 1902, income £25,292, dividend 4 per cent.; 1903, income £25,754, dividend 4 per cent.; 1904, income £26,894, dividend 4½ per cent. Q.

ELECTRIC-LIGHTING SHARES.

Amongst our correspondence the other day, a reader propounded the following important conundrum with reference to shares in the Electric-Lighting Companies. Are the various undertakings, he asked, making sufficient allowance in their sinking-funds so that, when the time arrives for the Companies to be acquired by local authorities, such a sum will be available as shall pay shareholders the market value of their property? The question is of wide general interest, and, in attempting to answer it, we must disclaim expert authority upon technical points. In the first place, it may be taken, for the purposes of argument, that the leading Electric-Lighting Companies will come under the possible control of local authorities about five-and-twenty years hence. Now, it is obviously difficult to say with any exactitude what may occur a quarter of a century ahead. One might have thought that the procedure to be adopted at the end of the time would have been mapped out most explicitly in advance; but this is not so. The guide upon which the market works out its valuations is a kind of arbitrament known as the Bramwell Award, which gives rise to the confidence that the Electric-Lighting Companies will be taken over at their value as going concerns, goodwill not being allowed for. How that value will be determined it is impossible to say: the likeliest method is that the profits for the three immediately past years will be taken, and the purchase-price arrived at from that. Who the authority or authorities will be is almost an unknown factor. Twenty-five years hence there may be an Electric-Lighting Board, constituted after the manner of the Metropolitan Water Board, so it is manifest that, where such important factors as these are unknown, other details must be still more a matter of guesswork.

REGARDED AS INVESTMENTS.

But the capitalist wants to feel a certain amount of security if he is to put money into Electric-Lighting shares, which his financial advisers rightly tell him are good, sound investments paying a steady 4½ to 5 per cent. upon the cash. To take a single instance. The St. James' and Pall Mall Electric-Lighting Company can be taken over by the local authority in 1931, which is twenty-six years ahead. The share-capital of the Company consists in 40,000 Ordinary and 20,000 Preference shares of the nominal value of £5 each—together £300,000, plus a Debenture debt of £150,000. The Ordinary shares stand at 14, and the Reserve Fund at the end of last year was £66,529. But since the Company became incorporated, £126,615 has been written off for depreciation, while the growth of the business may be seen in the fact that net profits have advanced from £42,014 in 1898 to £56,267 in 1904, and dividends of 14½ per cent. have been paid annually during this period. The concern has been growing fast, and, although it is likely enough that the rate will be less rapid in the next six-and-twenty years, yet a substantial measure of improvement may surely be



COSTA RICA RAILWAY: BANANA TRUCKS.

anticipated, the value of the property, exclusive of goodwill, advancing every twelvemonth, the reserve fund following suit, and the amount written off for depreciation keeping pace with the success of the undertaking. It is generally recognised by those who have made this branch of finance their especial study that an Electric-Lighting Company should devote, as a minimum, 2½ per cent. per annum to be written off for depreciation, out of the revenue on the average capital employed during the year. Judged by this safe standard, the

St. James' and Pall Mall in 1904 wrote off nearly 24 per cent., and, moreover, it had £30,000 invested outside the business. Therefore, we should say that the shares are not overpriced in standing, as they do now, at a level that returns 5 per cent. on the money. We are not concerned, however, with the St. James' any more than other good Companies, and simply use it as a vehicle for demonstrating certain calculations that bear upon the subject as a whole.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," suggested The Stroller, "you are to come and have lunch with me."

"Delighted," his broker replied. "First order I've had to-day. Let me go and wash my hands and curl my last remaining hair."

"I wonder it doesn't whiten beneath the responsibility of clients' interests," and The Stroller looked at himself in the glass with a certain satisfaction. He had no clients.

"Never say dye," responded his broker gaily. "Won't keep you a minute," and he ran across the way and up the steps leading to the Kaffir Circus door.

Two men were smoking their mid-day cigarettes at the side of The Stroller, and discussing things in general.

"I jolly well tell you what it is," one was saying. "I shall chuck this gloomy hole," and he kicked at the House wall, "and go into the outside-broking game. It seems to pay well enough."

The other assented. "I haven't done a bad morning's work, though," he went on. "It comes by fits and starts. I find there's more to do, jobbing in these Rhodesian things, than there is in the Kaffir Market proper."

"My brokers tell me—" He stopped to anathematise his cigarette for going out when he was short of matches as well as Rand Mines.

"Tell you what? Here's a vesta."

"Thanks. Tell me th—, or rather, their authorised clerks do—"

He dropped his voice to a footlights' whisper.

"That all the business they do is 'P. A.' What d'you think of that, eh?"

"Private Account, you mean?"

"'M. Gambling on their own, because they get no orders from clients."

"Lies!" was the laconic comment. "Most of it Lies. All men are liars except jobbers."

"That's so," agreed the other, with a sigh. "If we weren't so confoundedly truthful we should all make our for—"

"Come on, sir. Sorry to have kept you waiting so long," said the broker, breezily, as he took Our Stroller's arm. "Just looked in to see how things were, and sold a hundred Gold Fields P.A. You don't know what that means, aha?"

"I do," said Our Stroller. "It stands for Power of Attorney, doesn't it?" and he was immensely tickled to see how the broker enjoyed his assumed ignorance.

"Ought I to sell a few Gold Fields to keep yours company?" he asked, when the broker had finished laughing.

"Eh?" said the Houseman, as he stopped short and stared. "To keep *mine* company? I never told you—"

"Power of Attorney, dear boy, Power of Attorney," and The Stroller's glee was as good to watch as the mixture of expressions that fled across the broker's face. "Never mind, I forgive you, and you can sell me a hundred likewise."

"Strikes me that Gold Fields aren't the only ones that have been sold this morning," observed his friend, as he started off to do the order. "You go down and get a table, will you?"

"What is your idea of a profit on these things?" asked The Stroller, as they waited for the salmon.

"Five shillings nett," was the reply. "Profit-scalping, I admit, but a pony is better than nothing."

"Only an ass would refuse a pony on the bear tack," said The Stroller. "Don't smile."

"I didn't," his friend answered, with a candour not refreshing. "I'm totally sick of Kaffirs, and the only way to make money out of them is to be a bear."

"Other markets aren't bad, though."

Two men were talking at the same table, and the broker asked one of them if his things were about the same.

"Roseys are a shade off, but Leos. keep goodish, don't you know."

"Leopoldinas to me look quite high enough," remarked the fourth guest.

"They are," the broker rejoined. "Only you can't stop people buying them."

"I've got some of those Manila Debentures," volunteered The Stroller. "Bought them on a tip in an illustrated weekly, and they are twenty points up. Shall I keep them?"

"What's the paper?" demanded two of the other men in a breath.

* * * * *

(There is a certain modesty in asterisks.)

"Wonder if all the actors and actresses bought Manila Debentures at the same time," the broker observed.

"Well, shall I sell or keep them?" persisted The Stroller.

"I hear the stock is to be a second United of Havana."

"That's all rot, because the price isn't a bit likely to go to 150."

"Why not?" inquired The Stroller. "I believe it will."

"Then you certainly shouldn't sell," he was promptly told.

"Write to your precious paper and ask."

"They would say," observed one of the others, "that, if the stock neither rises nor falls, it is conceivable that there will be no considerable change in the quotation."

The others laughed. "You've got 'em on the hip, I think," the broker said, laughing most of all.

"I shall write and ask," The Stroller continued. "They aren't always wrong."

"Neither's a broker," and the member looked highly indignant.

"Have I not been correct about Americans?"

"I should just think you have," The Stroller hastened to assure him. "You have said all along that they were worth buying and worth keeping."

"So they are still."

"You can ride a willing horse to death," observed one of the other pair—also Housemen.

"We were discussing American Rails, not polo-ponies."

"I should have thought Yankees were getting a bit topy," considered the second stranger. "One is afraid to sell a bear of them, all the same."

"Best thing to do, then, is to give for the call, and then sell half as many shares as you have the call of. *Or vice versa.*"

The Stroller looked very mystified.

"That's not such a bad idea," said the broker. "We must work that out when we get back to the office." And he turned to his client.

"Barkis is willin'. Black, please. Yes, Benedictine. These fairly mild? No, thanks. I always use a piercer."

"Now this cigar," began the broker, balancing it judicially between his fingers—

From which it may be inferred that the lunch ended in smoke.

FOREIGN RAILWAY STOCKS.

What we are rather expecting to hear now is that the bull account in Argentine Railway stocks has become so inflated as to render a sharp reaction necessary for the health of the market. It is a matter for surprise that this stage should not have been reached sooner, for the jobbers in this particular market can usually be trusted to start at their own shadow, and to take alarm at the least indication of a big bull position, such as undoubtedly exists in Rosarios and several of the other most familiar stocks. That some such reaction is overdue we feel convinced, but when it has arrived, then will be the time to take one's seat for the next Argentine Railway boom. Rosarios will go to 120, and the Deferred to 110: other prices in proportion. Pacifics fall a trifle upon the rumour that the amalgamation proposals with the Argentine Government Western Railway had been broken off, but a recovery in the prices of both is only a matter of a little time. The public are buying Argentine and Brazilian Railway stocks to put away with their permanent investments, and no better basis can be required by any market. Absorption of stock is also a feature in the Mexican Railway section, where payment of the full 8 per cent. on the First Preference stock is being discussed as within the bounds of possible accomplishment during the next two or three years. The Second Preference is one of the best things to buy for putting away. In the revival amongst other Foreign Railway stocks the Cuban Companies take a full share. The sensational soaring of United Railways of the Havana stock has helped to drive investment money into Cuban Centrals and Western of Havanas, and an early dividend on the Ordinary shares of the former Company is rumoured as probable; while the latter, as already stated, will perhaps make an issue of new shares before long at a price giving proprietors a bonus on their allotments.

Saturday, August 19, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Vivi.—The shares, we fear, are absolutely valueless. The office of the Company is Finsbury Pavement House, and, if you write to the Secretary, you might get some information about the affairs of the concern, though we are doubtful on the point. The West Africans and the Refreshment shares are poor things now, all of them. We should realise them all, and put the money into (1) Argentine Land Preference or Santa Fé and Cordova Land shares, (2) Slaters, Limited. The first two are speculative, the third a steady investment.

—**GAMMA.**—We will try to get you a copy of the award.

WANDERER.—Sierra Leone 4 per cent. Bonds stand at 103½, dividends payable June 1 and Dec. 1. They are seldom quoted, because there is very little market or public interest in them.

W. R. (Glasgow).—Your letter is under consideration.

S.—We recommend no foreign lotteries, but the Panama is a genuine affair. Will answer your second question next week.

SMALL INVESTOR.—Such class of business does not appeal to us one little bit.

J. F. N.—Ohlsson's Cape Brewery Ordinary shares stand about 23½, and the 7 per cent. Preference at 7½. South African Breweries Ordinary and 5 per cent. Preference are 2½ and 19s. 6d. respectively. In our opinion, they are all good investments.

E. M. S.—Your letter has been answered by post.

LOTHAIR.—Quebec and Lake St. John Income bonds; Mexican Railway Second Preference. Please see reply to "Vivi."